THE BYSTANDER
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AUGUST 28, 1929

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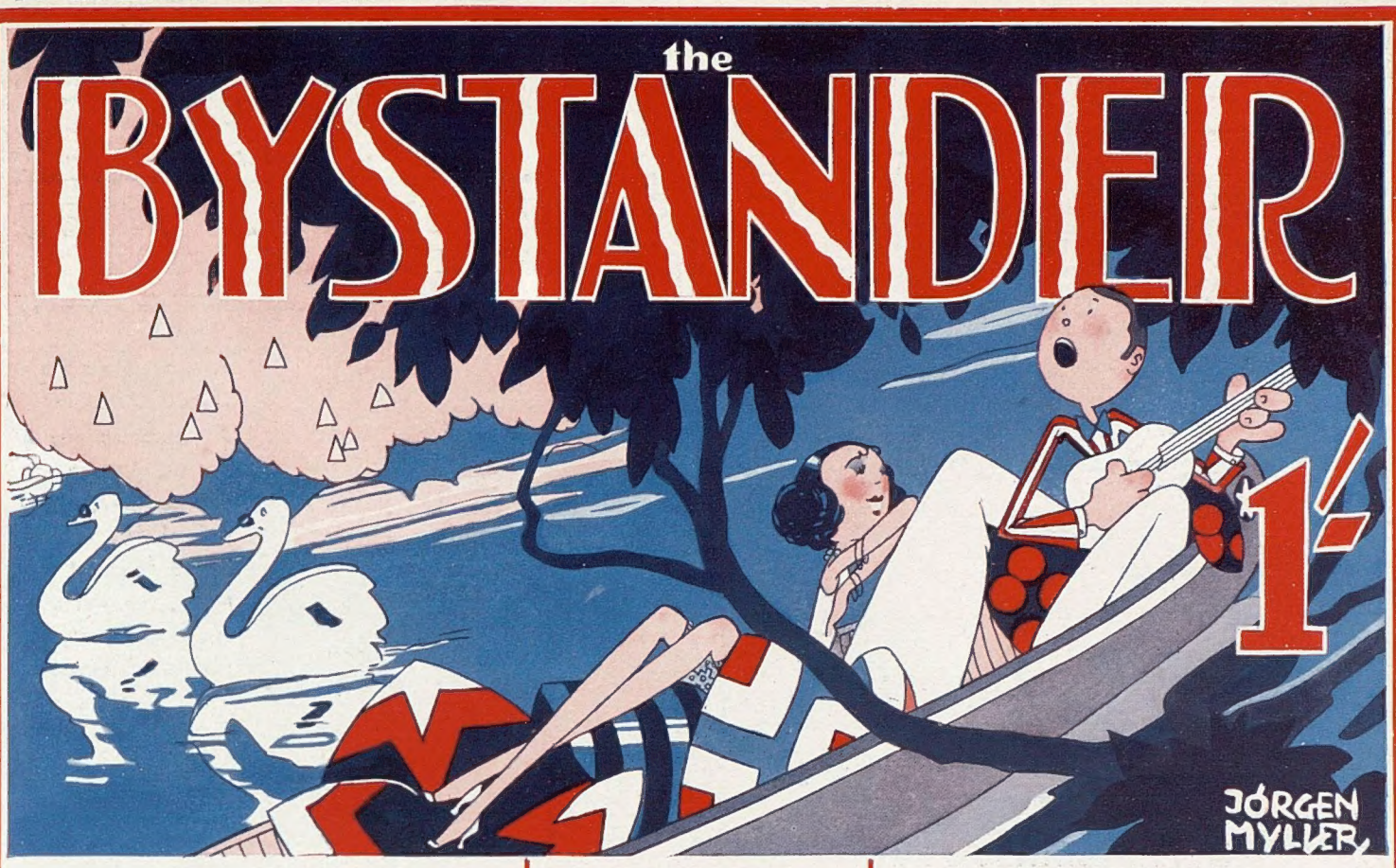
DEER STALKING IN THE HIGHLANDS

the BYSTANDER



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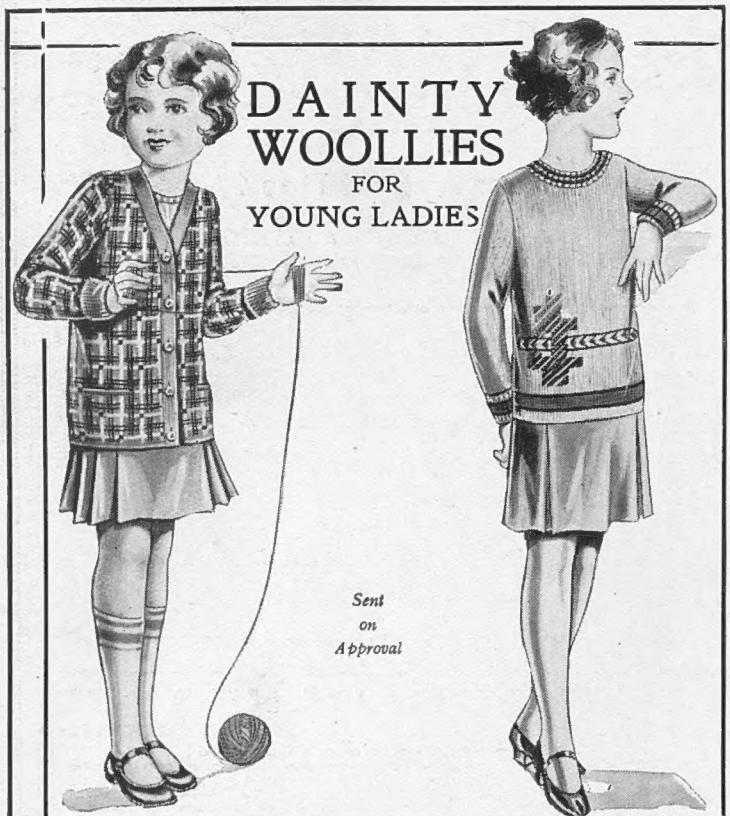

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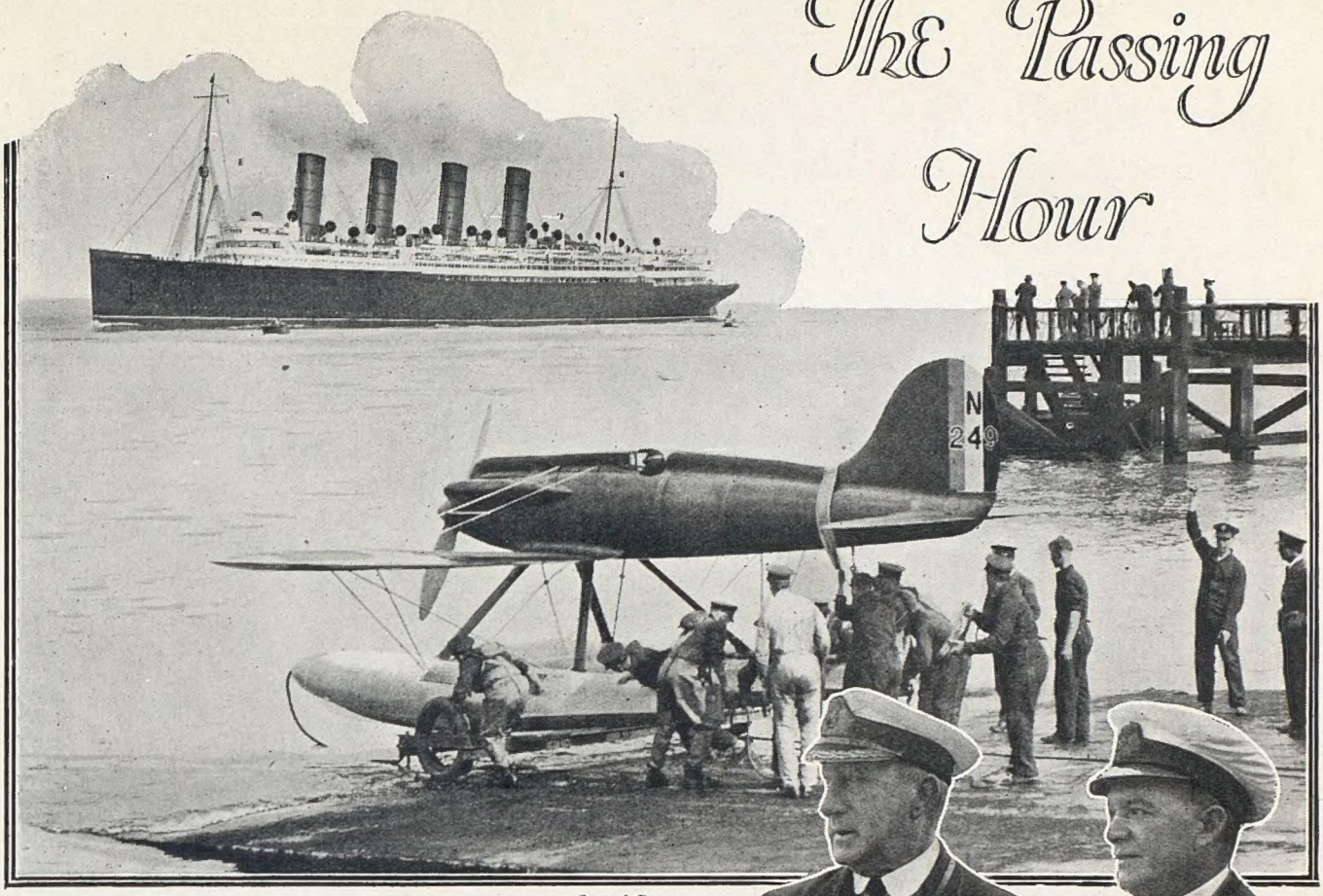
BY H. STANTON

THE SURF RIDERS

BY FRANK SHERWIN

IN THE BAZAAR

The Passing Hour



Central Press

That gallant veteran, the Mauretania, which, despite her years, has got within two hours of equalling the new trans-Atlantic speed record set up by the Bremen, and established a record for the Plymouth to Cherbourg run. She is seen passing the Golden Butterfly, at Gosport, the Gloster-Napier seaplane which it is hoped will be instrumental in retaining the Schneider Trophy in this country

L.N.A.

Capt. S. G. S. McNeil, of the Mauretania, on the bridge with his navigating officer, Lieut.-Commander C. L. Brown, R.N.R. The Mauretania is all out to wrest the Blue Riband of the Atlantic from Germany, but if she fails British shipbuilders will assuredly build new liners which will do so

The King's Movements Uncertain

THE fact that the King was obliged to remain at Buckingham Palace this month is one reason why London has been fuller of eminent personalities. Courtiers have not been able to disperse as usual, and many others are delaying their holidays until next month; also, the transit of those on their way back from the Continent to the country and Scotland gives London an appearance of activity that fully belies its tradition of emptiness in August. It is as well that the King has now left Town, for had he not soon gone to Sandringham his doctors might have thought the Norfolk air already too charged with autumnal severity to be beneficial to the King's welfare. For the sake of his health it is, perhaps, a pity that His Majesty is so reluctant to leave England for any great length of time, for could he but overcome his disinclination to take a long trip abroad—undoubtedly its inspiration is his repugnance to any absence that will interfere with his conscientious adherence to State and public obligations—the advantages of several months spent in such a warm and bracing climate as South Africa would be enormous. Also such a visit would establish a personal contact with His Majesty and that country, than which there is no better way of stimulating a closer cohesion of interests between the two.

Where Scott Wrote "Waverley"

LORD AND LADY ELIBANK are spending the sum-

mer and early autumn at Elibank, in Selkirkshire, amidst the rich surrounding scenery of the Tweed and Eltrick Forest, and where you may set your gun at that most elusive bird, the woodcock, proud prize of the good shot. Lord and Lady Elibank have just had as their guest Princess Helena Victoria, who no doubt made an excursion to Ashestiel, which readers of Sir Walter Scott—and even in these days, when the "shilling shocker" and the novel that deals so alluringly with inhibitions, complexes and psychological reaction, there must still be some left!—will know as the place where his prolific pen gave us *Waverley*. And all in three weeks, if I am not horribly mistaken, which makes even the energetic Mr. Edgar Wallace look like a slow worker!

Navello

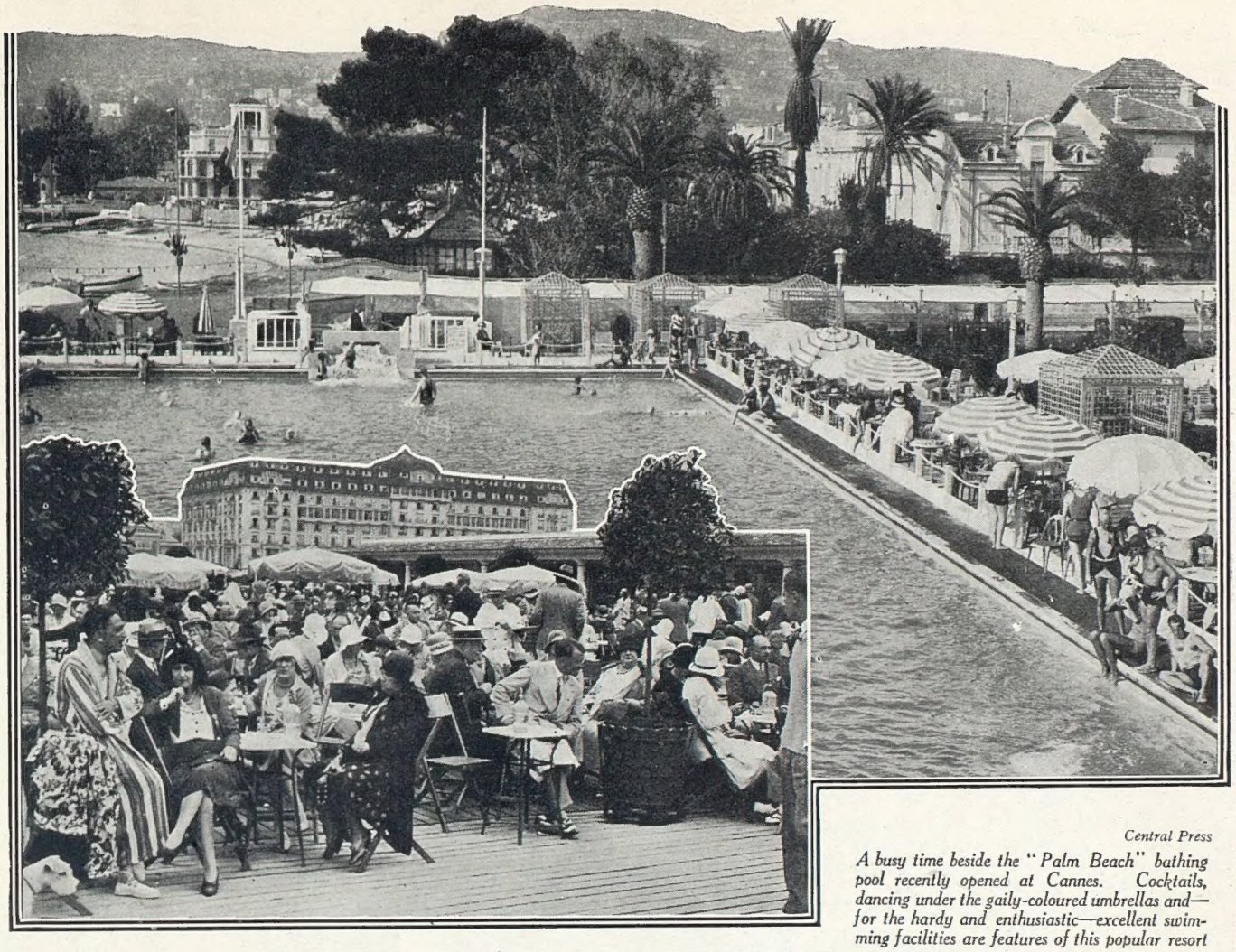
A. Havers outside the clubhouse of the course at Aix-les-Bains. He is seen with the Revelstoke Cup, which he won over this delightful course

Celebrities in Town

LONDON was particularly full of celebrities in the middle of the month. Sir John and Lady Lavery returned from a visit to Viceregal Lodge, Dublin, and spent a few days in Town before leaving for Chirk Castle, Lord and Lady Howard de Walden's place in Wales. Later the artist and his wife will go to North Berwick, Sir John's favourite and yearly holiday resort, of which he has painted many pictures. Major-General Sir Cecil Bingham and Lady Bingham are held captive in London to direct alterations to their new house in Eaton Square. General Bingham is a keen polo player, and Lady Bingham, who was an American, owns a dress shop. That London's night life is also not deserted was emphasised on a recent evening at the Café de Paris. At one table sat Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kindersley, their first appearance in London since their marriage, and they enjoyed the boisterous onslaught of numberless friends who dashed up to greet them. At a long table, listening with rapt attention to Mr. Morton Downey's falsetto pipings, was a party of twenty bidden to wish farewell to the Hon. Evan Morgan and Mr. Edward Hulton before their journey to Canada.

THE CONTINENTAL VACANCE—DROPPING IN TO THE TABLES

THE HOLIDAY SEASON ABROAD



Central Press

A busy time beside the "Palm Beach" bathing pool recently opened at Cannes. Cocktails, dancing under the gaily-coloured umbrellas and—for the hardy and enthusiastic—excellent swimming facilities are features of this popular resort

Sport and General

Not everyone bathes at Deauville, but the number of visitors who miss the morning apéritif is negligible. The crowded Pontinaire bears eloquent testimony to the popularity of the morning appetiser

AT LE TOUQUET

By Helen McKie

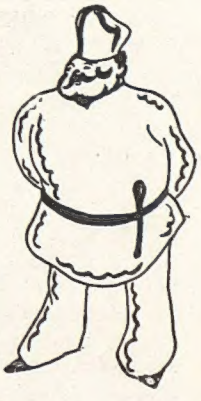
America's Champion Girl

Also at the Café de Paris was America's Champion Girl, or, rather, the prize-winner in the typical American girl competition, Miss Edna Peters. She arrived as Lord Castlerosse's guest, and to make her feel completely at home I became party to a scheme to "cut in" on her partners in the American fashion—that is, whoever is dancing with the girl relinquishes her when another man claims her. Owing to our national and natural bashfulness the scheme worked somewhat imperfectly, and my dance was secured in more orthodox fashion. The competition certainly had elicited a very intelligent and charming girl, though perhaps one above an average that could be described as typical. Not quite so pretty as her photographs suggested, Miss Peters yet possessed a pair of dancing brown eyes and the customary American vivacity that fully explain why many Englishmen capitulate even when the background is not painted with dollar bills. Having won the competition by answering sixty out of eighty puzzling general intelligence questions, I asked her if she would talk to Germans and French in their own language when she visits Berlin and Paris.

"Oh, no; one tongue, I think, is usually considered sufficient for a woman, isn't it?" she answered sweetly.

At Cap d'Antibes

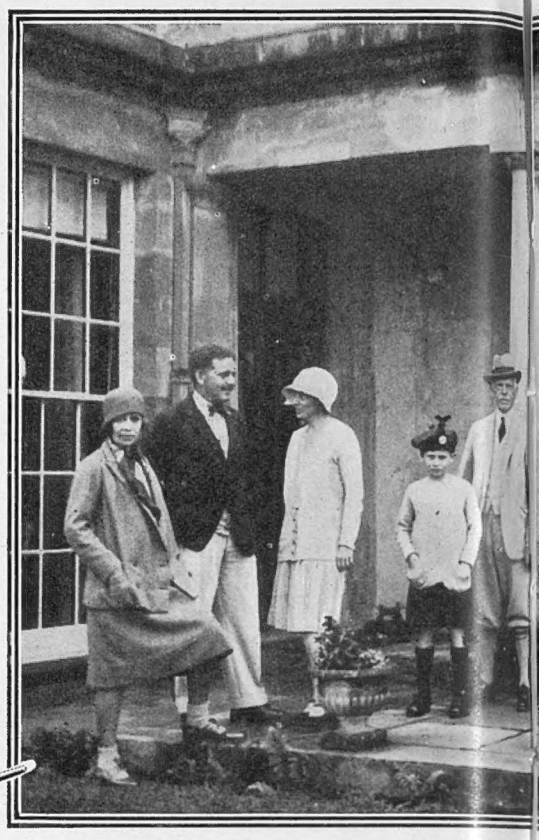
Cap d'Antibes has been packed lately, and there were crowds of onlookers at the bathing pool at Eden Roc who preferred the "coolth" of the bar to the heat of the rocks behind (no matter how attractively furnished with orange mattresses and cushions they were), and amongst these I saw that very popular person Mr. Phillips Oppenheim, who was the centre of a group of friends, and seemed,



THE YANKEE INVASION OF THE BUTTS:

Photographs Topical

Above are seen some visitors from Gawd's Own Country who have come over here to deal firmly with British grouse on the Perthshire Moors. They are Messrs. E. P. Hewitt (left), E. O. Munn, P. Glendinning, General Dawes, the American Ambassador, complete with pipe, J. F. Harris and the General's son, Dana Dawes. Below, the General—still complete with pipe—is seen in the butts on Lude Moor with the keeper, A. Mackay (left), and his loader



American members of Mr. Louis Hay's party at Lowers Seen above are Mrs. Wellington Hay (left), Dr. and Mrs. Louis Hay, flanked by the Masters Nicholas and

Photographs

AN ENGLISHMAN

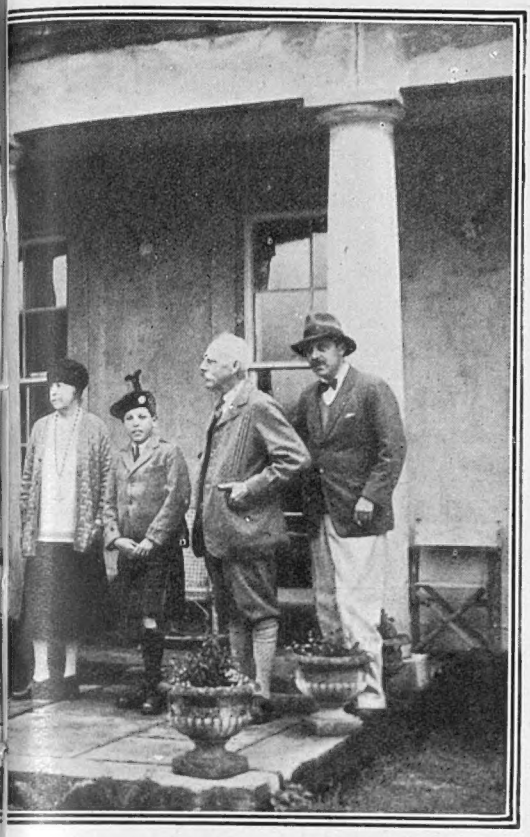
The Marquess of Blandford, the Duke of Marlborough's member of the Earl

as usual, in the best of spirits. With him was another very great Cannes favourite, Mr. W. J. Locke, who, although he has let his lovely villa, "Les Acades," cannot tear himself away from the place. Mr. Somerset Maugham is yet another famous author who is often to be seen at Eden Roc, although he reserves most of his bathing activities for his own lovely fresh-water swimming pool at his villa at Cap Tenat, where he and his house party bathe nearly all day long. Some more villa residents at this Mayfair of the Riviera are General and Mrs. Stuart-Wortley (who are at the Villa Son Mas, which has been lent them by Sir James Dunn) and Lady Hadfield, whose lovely villa, "Son Gondrello," has a garden reaching almost down to the sea.

Visitors to Monte

QUITE a lot of well-known folk have been and are at the Hôtel de Paris, Monte Carlo, amongst them Lord and Lady Portarlington, who have just left. The former is a great expert in the water, and has a very pretty taste in original bathing costumes. Mr. and Mrs. Lugard (Mrs. Mike Wardell that was) have

GENERAL DAWES AND OTHER MAGNATES



House, Comrie, which he has rented for the shooting. Mrs. Mather Cleveland, the host and hostess, Mr. and Wellington Hay, Mr. J. C. Colgate and Mr. Wellington Hay

Wide World

FOR A CHANGE

heir, in the butts on Glenartney Moors. He was a of Ancaster's party

Photographs *Wide World*

Above, members of Mr. Bernard Baruch's party are seen on their way to the butts on the Old Gartmoore Moor, in Dumbartonshire, and below, Miss Renée Baruch is busy looking out for the first chance of a shot on the Moors. Mr. Baruch has rented the Duke of Montrose's seat, Buchanan Castle, and Old Gartmoore Moor for the Season

been playing lawn tennis at the La Festa Country Club on their way through (they are motoring in Italy and France), and I saw also the Hon. Evelyn FitzGerald, who has gone over to Cannes and is staying a week or so at the lovely "Corne d'Or" villa (which Mrs. Gordon Leith and Miss Maxine Elliott have taken for a couple months) before going on to join his lovely wife in Venice, where she has been for several weeks. More guests at the "Corne d'Or" are Lord and Lady Brownlow, who had been staying previously at Cap Martin, and some young folk who are very interested in speed boats and aquaplaning activities are, of course, the young Benjamin Guinnesses.

The Marquise de Casa Maury is one of the loveliest women in Cannes, and, in spite of the fact that she spends a good deal of time in the sun, does not seem to sunburn at all unduly. The Ranee of Pudakota looks extremely handsome also in bathing kit, and is very often to be seen at the Isles de Serins, where many people go each morning to aquaplane and take a picnic lunch with them, boiling-hot chicken hash in Thermos flasks being a very favourite dish, and most excellent it tastes after a morning in the water.

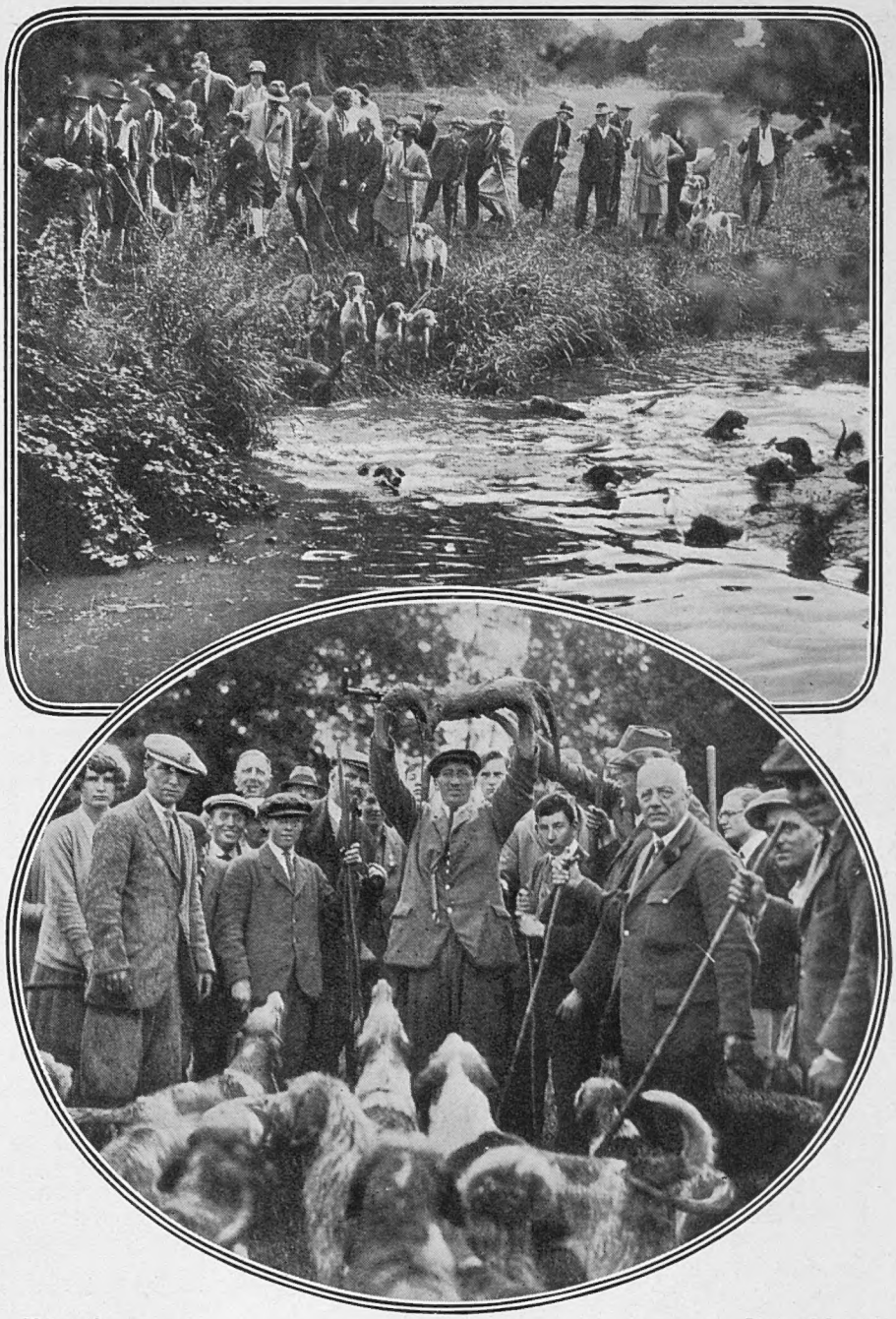
OUT WITH THE OTTERHOUNDS

The Schneider Trophy

Now that the race for the Schneider Trophy is close upon us we are all getting "air-minded," and many people are making up parties to watch the British team struggling to retain the coveted award. I understand that the best places from which to view the flying will be the Official Car Parks of the Royal Aero Club at Gosport. The enclosures are on high coastal ground within two miles of the start and finish, and are on the only piece of land over which the machines will pass. As the machines will then be flying at an altitude of not more than 150ft., visitors to the Gosport enclosure will be assured of getting a better impression of the enormous speed at which the 'planes travel than will spectators at any other point along the course.

No "Grousing" at the Grouse

For the guns there has been the best of sport this year, coveys coming over freely and neither too high nor bunching low, and the bags have proved the birds plentiful and healthy, and the eating plump and succulent. I hear that the Mackintosh of Mackintosh has been showing his friends the best of sport on the famous moors around Moy Hall. Mackintosh is an abbreviation of Mac-in-tosch-ich, "the Thane's son," for The Mackintosh is descended from the son of the third Earl of Fife, Duncan MacDuff.



Photographs *Sport and General*

Above, hounds are seen working a stream at a recent meet of the Bucks Otterhounds, held at Broughton Castle Bridge, near Banbury, whilst in the lower picture, the huntsman is displaying the result of the day's work. The otter, a fine specimen, weighed 20 lb.

RACING HINTS

Add to the list of horses already published the names given below.

BULLION

(Ch. C., by Golden Boss—La Flotte). Owner, Mr. D. Crossman. Trainer, Pope. This colt has been "knocking at the door" on his last four outings. His latest attempt was a third to Merry Wife in the Redcar Foal Plate (six furlongs) at Redcar. Previously ran third (beaten ¾ length and a neck) to Suada and Tad in the Yorkshire Breeders' Foal Plate (five furlongs) at Thirsk. A likely sort for an early "Nursery."

GENTLEMAN'S RELISH

(Bl. or Br. F., by He—Bonne-Bouche). Owner, Mr. J. P. Arkwright. Trainer, Persse. Has evidently regained her last year's form. Was beaten last time out by two short heads when third to Turps in the Holiday Handicap (one mile two furlongs) at Birmingham. Previously ran second to Dark Ages in the Duchess of York Plate (1¼ miles) at Hurst Park. Was well backed on both occasions.

SILVER SWORD

(Gr. G., by The Tetrarch—Swagger Cane). Owner, Mr. R. L. Glasspool. Trainer, C. Leader. Was heavily backed, and badly away when third to Arran Beg in the Mandale Selling Plate (seven furlongs) at Stockton. Previously was beaten a short head by Berkeley Bridge in a mile race at Nottingham. Will be an early money spinner.

KURDI

(Br. F., by Arch Gift—Piastre). Owner, Mrs. R. G. Anderson. Trainer, Rhodes. Although starting at an outside price when beaten a short head by Nitouche in the Bentinck Plate (five furlongs) at Nottingham, this filly was a good order "away." She will pay to follow.

OLD FRIEND

(Br. C., by Forerunner—Bold Lily). Owner, Mr. A. Boazman. Trainer, Peacock. This colt has already done us one good turn, but as he was the most unlucky horse imaginable when beaten by Hieroglyphic and Accredit in the Nottingham Breeders' Plate (five furlongs) at Nottingham, and knowing also that Peacock told all his friends to be on, I am putting him in again as a sure winner in the near future.

KUDOS

(B. C., by Yutoi—Farindos). Owner, Mr. H. Arnold. Trainer, F. Hartigan. Last time out was a good fourth to Carbineer in the Staffordshire Handicap (six furlongs) at Wolverhampton. Did not get well away. Was genuinely backed at outside prices. I confidently expect this colt to "come up" very shortly at a nice price. OLD ORKNEY

Living Scotland's Spartan Life

Modern travel gives the maximum of comfort to those who have been fortunate enough to be invited North for the shooting, but for many that comfort ends with their exit from the sleeping-car. Despite the visit of America, or, at least, a part of it, in recent years, many shooting-boxes really are but boxes of timber and stone and bare of all those pleasant luxuries that we now regard as necessities. Hip baths still serve a purpose North of the Tweed other than that of preserving cobwebs and the junk of the lumber room! And as some hostesses are not as rich as the magnificence of their addresses suggest, it is not unheard of for a guest to go to bed with little more nourishment than good, fresh air, of which, if the eiderdowns be thin, one can even have too much. One young man I know never goes North without a "hard ration" secretly stowed in his valise. For the women, of course, it might be considered as the ideal slimming cure!

The Mystery Hand at The Hague

By "KIM"

Who is trying to squeeze Britain at The Hague? The Young Plan is American, and the Mighty Man at the Reparations Conference is also American. "Kim" issues a warning as to the Hand Behind the Scenes.

L.N.A.

The Socialist Chancellor, who is not so adamant as he first appeared to be

It may slowly be dawning upon the minds of a few persons that the much-advertised restoration of British prestige is not necessarily re-established because Mr. Philip Snowden said emphatically, said with reiteration, and was enthusiastically backed by the entire Press, that Great Britain would not forgo the two and a half millions she is to be skinned of by the new Young Plan.

To say a thing is one matter. To enforce it is quite another. As no Great Power in Europe has the slightest intention of sacrificing a sou, and as Mussolini has said so as emphatically as Snowden, what is the next move? As I pen these words the British Chancellor is reported by world cables to have just said, "I will not leave The Hague until a decision is reached." But a few days ago, when he launched his Ultimatum (*vide* Popular Press), he was not going to stay much longer at The Hague. Had other things to do. Was going to take the next boat back, or the next but one. So the Socialist Chancellor is not so adamant after all. If he meant what he said, he should have returned when the others began monkeying; if he didn't mean it his bluff has been called. Is that adding to our prestige?

To let the United States bleed us white on Repayments without a kick and then quarrel with our only Allies for a paltry two and a half millions is rather like straining at a gnat after swallowing a camel. Don't misunderstand these remarks. Like everyone else, I am fed up with the long-continued surrender of British rights and the successive cultivation of "friendships" at the price of blackmail. I agree with anyone who says so that Sir Austen Chamberlain was the worst Foreign Secretary we unhappy Britons have ever had to suffer, and that no one but an incompetent Prime Minister would have kept him at the job so long.

The time has come when Europe, led by ourselves, should call the United States together into conference and refuse to be squeezed any longer by Uncle Sam, who stands at the back of all the business. I am not sure that it might not be a blessing in disguise if the Germans were to default.

They say (untruthfully, of course) that they cannot pay the annuities fixed under the Dawes Plan to which they agreed.

And why should we continue to pay Uncle Sam's terms imposed by the U.S. Treasury on our soft Stanley Baldwin? The Russian

The American attitude towards Britain's stand at The Hague was cleverly interpreted in the above Low cartoon which appeared recently in the "Evening Standard"

THE VOICE OF THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR

Topical Press

MR. OWEN YOUNG

The American responsible for the plan which bears his name. Its object is to ease the burdens of Germany and shift them on to other shoulders

Topical Press

PRESIDENT HOOVER

Who, with true native modesty, calls Uncle Sam the "Moral Giant of History," and has seen the "Moral Giant" aforesaid increase its naval strength by 50 per cent. since the War

SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

The late Foreign Secretary, whose weakness in negotiation has prejudiced British prestige in world counsels

Soviet repudiated all their foreign debts, and now we begin to see Uncle Sam saying, "The American Dollar Talks with Russia." Says the *St. Louis Post-Despatch*, depicting a Muscovite carrying a sachel marked "$120,000,000 U.S. Trade," "We are bound to recognise that!" Henry Ford, who threatens to close down his motor factories in America if the U.S. goes wet "again"—as if it had ever gone dry really!—is yet prepared to send £6,000,000 worth of Ford cars to Russia and build a large automobile factory among people whose rulers are assassins, murderers, thieves, and liars on a scale which leaves the butchers of history like Attila mere bunglers. Such is Yankee mentality!

A cartoon published recently in the "Daily Express." The significance of Uncle Sam anxiously watching the efforts of the Allies and Germany must not be missed

THIS Young Plan is an American invention. Its founder, Mr. Owen Young, is a Yankee. So is Mr. Morgan, who has been nosing about The Hague. So is Mr. Lamont, a partner in Morgan's, who has been closeted with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in Lossiemouth. At the best, then, you might say that the Young Plan is devised by the world's creditors to ease the burdens of poor, dear Germany and shift them on other shoulders. Uncle Sam is to get his cash sure. Bully for Wall Street! France? Treat her gently. And Mussolini is a dangerous fellow. So Uncle Sam puts forward the scheme, unofficially of course, so unofficially that President Hoover and the Federal Board Reserve will not recognise it—until Great Britain is frightened into surrender.

IF the Dawes Plan, also American, is to be varied to suit the Germans by the Young Plan, equally American, why should not the Baldwin Scheme be varied? I offer this suggestion to Mr. Snowden, and in giving it to him will observe that within twenty years there will have to be a United States of Europe in sheer defence of the nations against the polyglot American States.

IT is far more in our interests to nourish European friendships which are possible and proved than to pretend a friendship or alliance with America which we know in our hearts is as much cant as to pretend that they are our flesh and blood. Ask the Canadians who live next door how closely akin the Yanks are to Britons! Mainly the riff-raff of Europe, Asia, and Africa for two hundred years, they may build up a hybrid English-speaking race, but not an Anglo-Saxon nation.

WE see that, side by side with the Young Plan to whittle down payments to Britain, which the taxpayer is to make up to Uncle Sam, is a further parley between General Dawes, the U.S. Ambassador, and Mr. MacDonald, the Premier, to come to a Naval "Understanding." Before the Great War Great Britain had a naval tonnage of 2,208,000 tons, the United States 833,000 tons, just over one-third. In 1927 (figures from the *Armament's Year Book*, published by the League of Nations, Geneva), the last figures available, it was as follows:—

	Tons
United States ..	1,252,500
Great Britain ..	1,162,200

Whilst we simps have cut down our naval defence by 47 per cent. the "Moral Giant of History," as President Hoover calls Uncle Sam, has increased his by 50 per cent.

Against whom is it directed? France? Italy? Germany? . . .

HOW little we know of the "Moral Giant of History." Isn't it time that, with dispassionate aim and perfect good temper, we should examine a little more closely into this enormously rich, powerful, and strange collection of races who, despite its wealth and energy, appears really to direct its political aims to the undoing of the British Empire?

NEXT WEEK:

"Kim" will contribute an Article on "American Morals and Mentality"

MORE CAR RECORDS

THE END OF THE JOURNEY

Miss Violet Cordery at the wheel of the car in which she and her sister, who is seen with her, completed a 30,000 miles test on the track at Brooklands recently. They maintained a very good average speed in their run in a British Invicta car

Photographs Central News

FINIS!

Miss Evelyn Cordery making the completion of the 30,000 mile test which she and her sister carried out on the track at Brooklands. They averaged a mile a minute during the test, which took them two months to complete

Mr. S. F. Edge, who in 1907 drove 1,581 miles 1,310 yards in twenty-four consecutive hours, presenting the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce with a twenty-four hour clock in recognition of her run in June, when she covered 2,149.68 miles in twenty-four consecutive hours. Thomas Gillett, joint donor of the clock, drove 1,982 miles 119 yards on an Acedes in 1925

THE END OF BERNARD SHAW

By HANNEN SWAFFER

Illustrated by Norman Kay

IF you are producing a play by a former dramatic genius, who is now footling around making an ass of himself, never allow the first performance to take place three hours away from London.

I venture to state, quite seriously, that had *The Apple Cart* been produced in London instead of Malvern most of the notices would have been flattering eulogies. But, alas for Bernard Shaw, the critics came back in a train together for a three hours' journey. Then they had a whole day in which to write their stuff.

USUALLY dramatic critics are afraid of great names. When a play is produced late at night they are scared to death if a prominent name is on the programme. But this time they talked it all over coming back, and so even the stupidest ones changed their absence of minds before London was reached.

"Marvellous!" said the alleged critic of an enormous circulation when the curtain fell. He did not say so in the paper.

"Exquisite!" remarked the critic of a picture paper. He didn't say so in print.

Some of them started saying "Wonderful!" By the time they reached London they had heard so much truth from firm blokes like myself that, when he read the notices, Sir Barry Jackson must have had a shock.

It is strange to believe, but two or three violent-minded men can change the whole course of the Press.

If one walks out looking miserable another one rushes to buy himself a couple of drinks, and a third puts on his hat the wrong way round; all the baby boy bleaters leave off grinning and think that perhaps it was not so good as they thought it was. Then they wobble.

SHAW'S behaviour at Malvern seems to have been ridiculous. At the opening of a Shaw exhibition at the public library he said that Elgar was a greater man than he was, which was a futile remark.

When the critics turned up late he got as nervous as Cochran would have done in the same circumstances. Then he was photographed with "Miss America," who rushed down to Malvern to push her nothingness into the limelight.

Our readers will please note that Mr Swaffer's opinions in his weekly articles are entirely individual to himself. He is always interesting and usually original; but he writes as he thinks and not necessarily as we do.—THE EDITOR

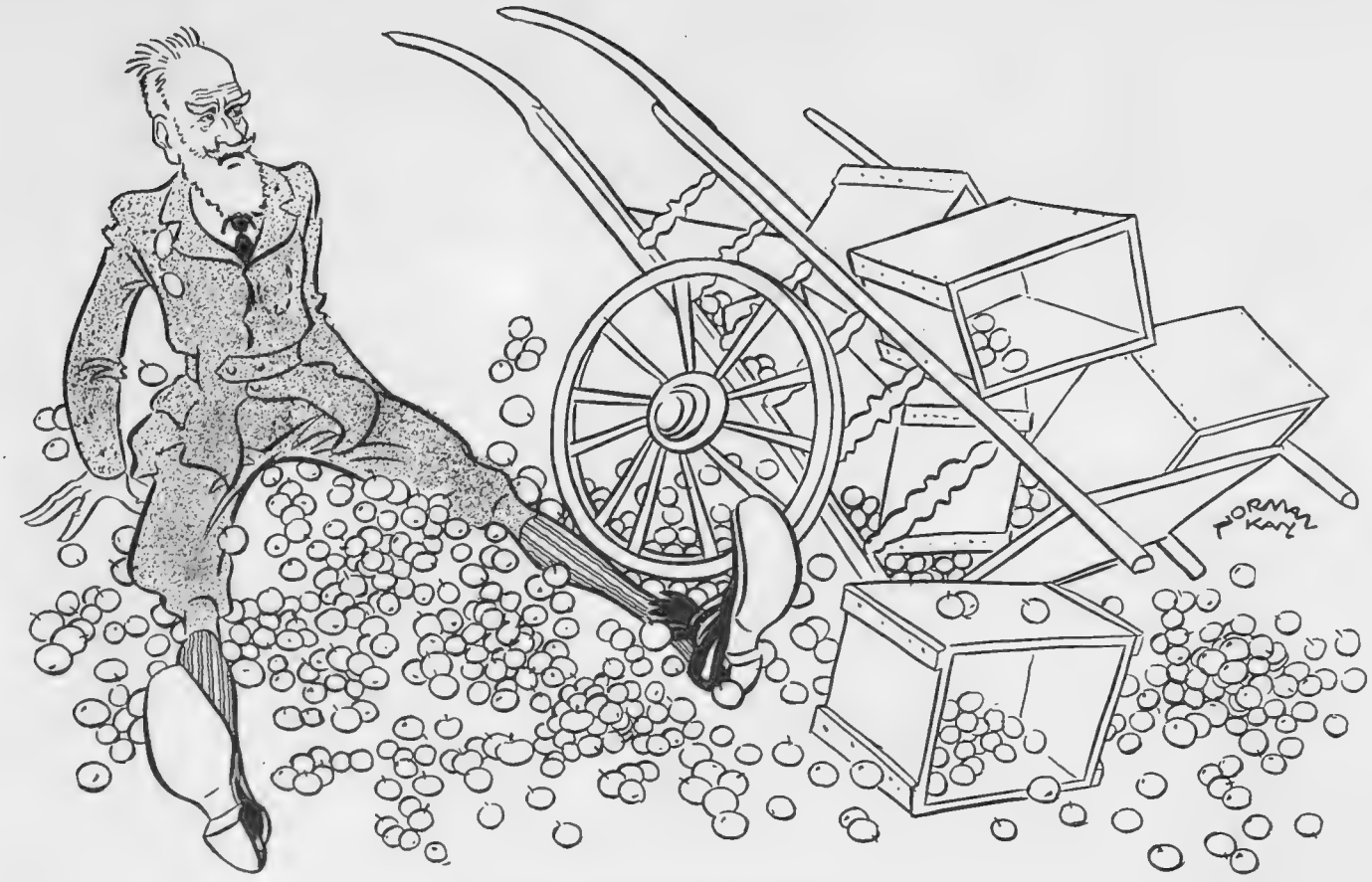
It was kindly of Shaw to let Sir Barry Jackson stage the play—at least, it seemed kindly until we saw it.

The newly-built theatre had not been doing too well. They suggested running a Tchekov season with Philip Ridgeway. Then came the much-boomed Shaw season. Barry Jackson, who hitherto has been wasting his money on doing nothing serious in London, had conceived the admirable idea of turning Malvern into a Festival town.

It is a beautiful spot. It is a fine theatre. Malvern might become a sort of Bayreuth.

Well, in a few days, when rehearsals began, Shaw became a local god. The very quiet, ultra-respectable people of Malvern watched him everywhere he went. They would even have liked to follow him when he dragged Barry Jackson over the hills, jumping over brooks, springing on rocks, behaving like an antelope or an elderly faun, and making Jackson quite windy.

"The critics came back in a train together for a three hours' journey"



"Bernard Shaw has upset his 'Apple Cart'"

THEY began to read his books, and someone even suggested a site for a Shaw statue.

Where do you think it was to be? Right on the top of the hill!

All that is over now. Shaw has proved that he is old-fashioned. He does not know that the youngest boy at school now has a greater appreciation of what is happening in the world than the oldest man.

History is made every week. We live in a new century every year.

DISARMAMENTS, world pacts, Customs unions, talkies at the Folies Bergères, Lord Beaverbrook going to Russia, an ex-policeman as Court Official at the Royal Garden Party—things like this happen in swift-moving sequence; and yet all that Shaw can do, in forecasting events in 1960, is to have twice as many women Cabinet Ministers as we have now, and an American Ambassador dressed as Uncle Sam!

I do not want to be hard on Shaw. It is unkind to hit a man when he is down. It is easy to jeer at age.

Besides, I have always been a Clown and it is only recently that Shaw has become a Pantaloon!

Still, I would be ashamed, if I were a young dramatist of nineteen who had seen *The Desert Song* at Wigan and the Houston Sisters at Wood Green, had read a *Morning Post* leading article, and that was all, if I could not put more wit and more brain into my first effort at stage construction.

AFTER all, it needs no technique to flop about all over the stage, to do such silly things as—to quote one incident—let your Cabinet Ministers walk out at the end, one by one, in a silly procession so that you know the poor blighters have got to do it, one after the other, and without a word of humour to say.

Such "bad theatre" is incredible.

Sometimes I see a world which is improving in intelligence every year. Then something happens like a new play or a new book with the attachment of a famous name, and I marvel at the cowardice and the stupidity with which nearly everybody seems to bow down and worship it the very moment it makes its appearance.

I YAWNED during the first act of *The Apple Cart*. Half an hour afterwards I nearly went to sleep.

The King and his Cabinet did a lot of silly talking, and the Cabinet called each other "Bill" and "Joe," and one of the women Ministers whistled and threatened, every now and then, to sing a comic song!

In the Second Act the King went to see his mistress and they fell on the floor together, just like that pitiful incident in *Sirocco*. Then, in the Third Act, the King and the Cabinet started talking all over again, and that is all that happened!

Not one line of wit. Not one beautiful thought. Not one novelty of invention. That is the truth about *The Apple Cart*.

IF I were to write an article as dull as that I should get the sack. No; I should sack myself before I sent it in.

Even the actors must have known it, for most of them were dreadful. They looked ill at ease.

This did not include Boanerges, the stupidly-named President of the Board of Trade, who came in dressed like a Russian Communist with a revolver holster at his belt, bawling and bellowing. We all knew he would take his pipe out of the holster, because they have done that in revues for years. He did! It was a typical Shaw joke.

I need not tell you any more about the play. It is not worth writing about. It is not worth reading about.

SHAW should have seen the first performance of *Saint Joan* and then retired from the business of a dramatist. After all, he had written then the greatest play that has been written during our lifetime.

His epilogue, with its unspoken plea for the martyrs of to-day, was sublime satire. When he had finished that, Shaw should have written *Finis* to his career and then awaited the plaudits of posterity.

He does not know he is an old man.

I MUST buy him a pair of carpet slippers and a nice long churchwarden pipe, which he must learn to smoke, and an ingle-nook, whatever it is, so that he can sit in it and warm his feet. His career is finished. H. S.

COMMENTS OF CHLOE

ANTIBES AND THE ARMY

Illustrated by KIPPA

"*Getting* le beau monde *to go there*"

PERHAPS I was wrong in saying that Antibes was not worth a visit, because it is certainly rather amusing, and you see plenty of people who are celebrities and plenty of others who think they are celebrities, even if nobody else does.

Lady Cynthia Mosley is not, I conclude, advocating Socialist principles at the moment, or she would not have dressed in the extremely expensive and attractive beach kit which she affected, composed of a pink silk jacket and green shorts and a green hat. All very nice, of course, but Socialism and Antibes seem to me rather difficult to combine. But I think Tallulah Bankhead was quite the smartest and best-looking woman about, and I simply adored her white satin sailor trousers. Tallulah does know how to dress. What makes me laugh is the way that everybody who is at Monte Carlo comes to Antibes to bathe and the Antibites go to Monte Carlo, and the whole crowd migrate to Corsica for the week-end. The Yusupoffs (he, you remember, "did in" Rasputin) are booming Corsica and intend to make it a popular resort, but making a resort and getting *le beau monde* to go there are two very different things, and you can spend a lot of money upon a place and yet it will remain a desert, while some other spot, for no particular reason, catches on and becomes the rage.

THERE is rather a nice story going about apropos a certain very well-known actress and a theatrical manager. They have both taken villas in the neighbourhood, and the theatrical manager has quite a lot of money to burn.

So the actress came to tea with him one afternoon, and she found him so attractive that she stayed three days, and, after all, why not? Well, at the end of the three days she said she must go home, so the theatrical manager fetched the car round and all to drive her back. And in the car, *what* do you think she found? Why, a cage with two dear little birds!

"What's this?" she asked, just a trifle sharply, and the doting manager answered, "Why, two love-birds, my dear, as a little present for you."

"My God!" she said, "I generally get a diamond necklace," and she was so snappy-like that the manager took away one of the birds and left only one. So they drove home and had tea at her villa, and lo and behold! when they went to look at the remaining bird it was dead.

So then she said, "Well, what about the car? What make is it?" and the theatrical manager replied, "An Essex."

"Merciful Heavens!" she cried, "I never drive in anything but a Hispano-Suiza."

"What a good thing," the manager answered, "because I have got to get home."

So he went off, and she was left with a dead bird!

PEGGY JOYCE was here and another famous beauty, and they both glared at each other like wild cats when they met, and I was so afraid that I shouldn't be there when the glare burst into something more tangible. I should hate to miss any real fireworks. I wish I dared to tell you why they glare at each other!

THE most interesting person here was Mr. Somerset Maugham, and five minutes' conversation with him is worth everything else put together. If I could have S. M. to talk to, and the lovely hot sea and hotter sands to myself, I should think Antibes a perfectly divine place. As it is, it is not too bad, but I wish people didn't gossip so frightfully and so maliciously.

I COULDN'T resist coming home by way of Wiesbaden (yes, it was rather a long way round). I love Wiesbaden with its great beech forests where you can wander for miles, and I have one or two friends in the Army of Occupation, which will have found its way home by Christmas. It was most amusing hearing them declare how delighted they were at the prospect of returning home, but inwardly they are anything but pleased,

(Continued on page 452)

BY FREDERICK PARKER

THE SUPER-SIX

COMMENTS OF CHLOE (continued from page 450)

for life in occupied territory and life in a garrison town in England are two very different propositions. The Germans have never disliked us in the way they do the French, and we certainly have never made the houses in which we were billeted into pig-sties like "nos braves Alliés." The average French officer's family seemed not to have the remotest idea of cleanliness, unless they were behaving like pigs as a sort of revenge. If so, they will be very sorry one day.

THE Germans have many faults, but they are of the same race as ourselves and they have the same kindly ways with animals and children, and the same funny, shy, kind impulses. I was billeted in a German house some years ago, and when I returned home on Christmas Eve I found a tiny Christmas tree with one or two candles sitting on my table. It gave me a lump in my throat (a thing I dislike); so I opened a bottle of port and called in the German family, and we drank together and joined in happy abuse of all others.

AS a rule our men got on excellently with the Germans, and it was only on rare occasions that they were anything but perfectly friendly. However, one day the orderly was busying himself in the kitchen when the lady of the house wished him to remove his rather overpowering presence. She told him to go twice, but at the second time of asking the orderly looked up from what he was doing, and remarked, with beautiful simplicity, "Oo won the War, you or me?" As an example of the retort courteous I consider this a masterpiece.

THE French were very fond of giving enormous entertainments, but the joke of the matter was that they always arranged them so that it was not necessary to provide any food. I can remember one occasion on which they produced theatricals, but we were asked to arrive at nine o'clock, and we left at 11.30, so that not a drop of food or drink was provided. However, the invitation cards were engraved in gold and headed with flags and what-nots and must have cost a good deal. Of course, *au fond*, they dislike us quite intensely, and any rows that took place were nearly always between the French and the English troops.

I DO not like the fashions which are being shown for the winter in the Paris dress shows, chiefly because I have a *penchant* for being able to sit down in a gown, as well as appearing divinely tall and most divinely fair in a standing position. Certainly they are delicious when viewed on a vertical mannequin, rather like the calyx of a flower with the petals frothing out in soft confusion, but if you tried to fling yourself into an armchair in a moment of abandon there would be a rending of stuffs, and a large portion of you would be displayed *au naturel*, because there is no room for anything so superfluous as underclothes beneath these new models. But no doubt the powers that be will remember that we must sit occasionally, and when they have rearranged matters in this respect the new dresses will be simply delightful.

Chloe

"'Oo won the War, you or me?'"

"I generally get a diamond necklace"

HAVE YOU HEARD THAT——

SPEAKING from bitter experience, we are forced to the conclusion that the best part of any picnic is the postponing of it.

* * *

SOME microphones are metal discs that will broadcast exactly what you say. Others, however, use rouge and have bobbed hair.

* * *

So many people are going out of Town just now that some of them will have to come back for a few days just to get a little rest and quiet.

* * *

ONE reason that we always funk a visit to the barber's is that we are afraid that he will cut our hair in the same way that he has done his own.

* * *

IT is on the Lido that the ladies' costumes come nearest to the comic strip.

* * *

They should not be called flappers, since they no longer wear anything that flaps.

* * *

THE trouble with political debts is that they are usually paid at the expense of the taxpayer.

* * *

IF you are thinking of going on a car tour you must be sure to buy a large road map. It will tell you everything except how to fold it up again.

BY S. C. MARTIN

"Why do you keep on scratching yourself?"
"'Cause I'm the only one who knows where I itch"

AT THE PLAY

"SUN UP." STRINDBERG AND SONG

The Lancashire serving maid, Victoria, who though not breaking dishes drops bricks

"Sun Up," at the Little Theatre

THIS play, which was seen in London a few years ago, makes one feel inclined to ask the question if acting *qua* acting is appreciated by the public. In the old days when giants stalked the stage it certainly was. Not only dramatic critics earnestly discussed the rendering of classic parts, but the playgoing public would argue with each other as to which was the better of two readings given by famous players of passages in a play. Occupants of pit and gallery were then as keen as those sitting in stalls and circle, but the majority in this year of grace have but a hazy notion of what good acting is—to judge from the hysterical applause given to performances of merely mediocre merit.

IF great acting was really appreciated nowadays the Little Theatre would be crowded night after night to see Lucille La Verne's picture of a pipe-smoking, masculine, illiterate, elderly widow living in North Carolina, into whose life comes tragedy through her son volunteering to fight in France—a country about which the old woman knows nothing and cares less.

THIS is a really notable performance, for Lucille La Verne is a tragic actress who does not appear to act. There is more strength in her quiet method than in all the tearing of a passion to tatters which some mistake for acting. The play itself suffers somewhat in balance from Lucille La Verne's performance, in that the character she has depicted is so infinitely more arresting than the author's work as a whole.

FOR *Sun Up*, though cleverly written in the suggestion of the aloofness and detachment of those who live in isolation, has its faults. It is obvious that it was written as a propaganda play, and though the author, Lula Vollmer, has revised it, the feeling that the author is a school marm giving pupils a moral to chew, still remains.

In a sketch, "A Cute Little Flat," drawn with broadly humorous lines

AND DANCE

By VERNON WOODHOUSE

Sketches of "The Show's the Thing," at the Lyceum, by H. H. HARRIS

THIS play has been seen in London before, but it is well worth revival—to be more accurate, Lucille La Verne's performance is well worth revival. I should very much like to see her in another play, not necessarily as Shylock, which we are promised, but in a woman's part, and one that would give her equal chances of character acting. Unfortunately, dramatists are shy of writing plays with the principal an elderly dame, though the success of Mrs. Patrick Campbell in *The Matriarch* proves that such a leading *rôle* is no bar to success.

"The Father," at the Apollo Theatre

HERE, as at the Little Theatre, can be seen some acting out of the common. You may, or may not, enjoy this play of Strindberg's, but whether you like or dislike it, all lovers of good acting must realise that in *The Father* Robert Loraine's performance of a man on the verge of madness, who is driven over the border-line of sanity by his vindictive wife, is about the finest character study this fine actor has ever given.

ACTING apart—and there can hardly be two opinions about Loraine's performance—some consider that the weak spot in *The Father* is in the drawing of Adolph's wife, which they regard as a gross and unpleasant caricature and a libel on what is known as the gentler sex. They decline to believe that any woman could be so heartless and cruel as she.

HERE I am on the side of Strindberg. When it comes to cruelty women are no better, if no worse, than men. But although everyone seems agreed about Loraine's triumph, differences of opinion have arisen as to the artistry of Dorothy Dix's method of playing the wife. One critic suggests that she is too obviously the villainess. Were she planning to murder her husband in a way which would bring her within the clutches of the law I should feel inclined to agree, but her subtle purpose does not make it necessary for her to conceal her true feelings, and she stands in no danger by showing them.

FOR those who like to have their feelings lacerated, *The Father* is assuredly a play to see. In the words of Haynes Webbmarsh—put into his mouth by Sir Arthur Pinero—we have here "a theme glowing with igneous vitality . . . supplied by a section of middle-class Society normally shallow and soulless . . . a task for a writer who can hurl, as it were, chunks of raw, bleeding humanity upon the boards"!

"The Show's the Thing," at the Lyceum

LAST week Gracie Fields, complete with husband, brother, and company, appeared at the Lyceum Theatre after packing the Victoria Palace for many weeks on end with *The Show's the Thing*. That this revue has not lost any of its popularity was evident, for this theatre's huge auditorium was packed from floor to ceiling. But with all due respect to authors, composers and other members of the company, the audience of three thousand were present primarily to see Gracie Fields.

NEVER has the value of personality been better exemplified. Gracie Fields is much more than a music-hall artiste—she is an *artist*—and the instrument on which she plays is the audience. Whether singing, dancing or acting, in all sorts of parts she is equally at home.

THE loudest laugh of the evening was heard when a character recounting his noble ancestry boasted that his great-grandfather was a Baron, his grandfather Baron, and his father Baron, was cut short in his recital by Gracie Fields remarking, "Pity your mother wasn't"! Which shows that the oldest jokes are most appreciated, for this was an election retort made at the expense of Baron Henry de Worms when standing for the Hythe Division of Kent about forty years ago!

V. W.

Who when they are not dancing — sing and act

Leslie Henson in the act of registering yet another hit He is seen about to drive in the first nail in the stage of the new Dominion Theatre, which is being built in Tottenham Court Road

Graphic Photo Union

WANTED—A QUID PRO QUO

Jack Hylton and his wife saying good-bye to Horatio Nicholls, the famous composer, before their departure for America, where Hylton will try to gain permission for British bands to visit the U. S. A. Since his band is banned from the States because it is so good it would eclipse many American ones, why not retaliate by banning all American orchestras in this country

ALTHOUGH it has been denied that the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert is being overhauled with a view to the King using her, it is an incontrovertible fact that she *is* being overhauled, and I cannot see for what other object the process is being taken in hand. A vast amount of nonsense is written each year as Cowes comes round about this ancient vessel. One hears much of the beauty of her lines, her luxurious cabins, and her stability. As a matter of fact, her lines give the expert sailor of the old school the toothache; she is top-heavy, and not particularly comfortable; as for her stability, the words applied to her in anything of a sea are quite unprintable. If His Majesty does go to the Mediterranean in the winter (it is far from certain that he will do anything of the sort) he will travel overland to the South of France, as he did in 1925.

THE curious thing is that of the two Royal yachts the least suitable, albeit the largest, has been retained. The Alexandra, a smaller but newer boat, fitted with turbines, was much the better vessel of the two. At one time there was a rumour that Lord Lascelles was going to buy her, which was scarcely likely, since both he and Princess Mary care far more for things that happen on land, hunting and racing in particular, than the sea. She has been sold to Norway for pleasure cruises.

The Admiralty yacht Enchantress is quite satisfactory, and might well be put to the Royal use. She has been laid up at Portsmouth since the first innings of the Labour Government, who used her for a few days at a cost of £11,000.

WHAT with The Hague Conference and the Haig statue feathers have been flying, both at home and abroad. Another controversy which has waxed more hot than is seemly is that over Westminster Abbey sacristy, which makes me wish that the model for the Haig statue (I have only seen photographs, and judging, as far as one can, from those it is an appalling affair) could have been put up in the temporary sacristy, with all the squabbling over and done with at the same time. That genial soul the late Basil Macdonald Hastings once infuriated the worthy burghers of Hastings and St. Leonards by solemnly suggesting that one of the dreadful local statues should be moved next to another one—"so that," he said, "one laugh could do for both."

COMPETITOR (*playfully, to umpire who has penalised*

gossip we must

By Hilary

"What's Reggie's handicap?"
"Well, his car has broken down!"

By Frank Whitburn

three times in succession): "You *are* a little old fault-finder, *aren't* you?"

I VENTURE to think that a revered colleague in last week's issue of The Bystander was a trifle premature in declaring that the American invasion of London's entertainment world is over. Leaving films on one side, where you have a musical entertainment in London, there, with but few exceptions, you have an American leading lady; and for the forthcoming opening piece (American) at the new Dominion Theatre, and for the new Hulbert revue American "star" actresses have been engaged. Daly's is to reopen with an American piece; we have an American Lady Hamilton. Nor does this end the tale. Yet in spite of this and in spite of the fact that in London's clubs, restaurants and music-halls, American jazz bands abound, our own Jack Hylton, with his band of Englishmen, admittedly good at their job, have had their professional entry into New York hedged around with obstacles and difficulties innumerable, and a deuce of a hullabaloo raised over it.

What a pity more important business prevents Mr. Philip Snowden becoming a temporary member of the Hylton band (Mrs. Snowden is an admirable musician and could give him a few tips), banging a big drum, and dinning into American ears the ludicrous unfairness of one-sided restrictions.

S

AT the time of writing it is uncertain whether Jack Hylton will be allowed to perform or not. If he is not (since England at last seems to be asserting herself after a decade of allowing other nations, from America upwards, to plant their hot, flat feet on her neck), I would suggest that every American jazz band should be shot out of this country, down to the last tenor saxophone and the last gold-painted bowler hat. British jazz bandsmen are just as plentiful and no less efficient.

S

THE new theatre, to house an all-American entertainment, that is swiftly rising in Soho will be called, I hear, the Ziegfeld Theatre. The "Ziegfeld Follies" show with which it will open its doors will ensure a fine display of lovely womanhood. Flo Ziegfeld, a strange little man, is a genius at his job of putting on to the stage superb dresses and superb young females inside 'em. Ziegfeld shows, by the way, are never "nude" shows; that type of thing is the speciality of his rival, Earl (pronounced "Oil") Carroll.

EVE AND THE APPLE CART

Miss Edna Peters, known as the "Typical American Girl," meets the "Typical Irish Boy," alias Mr. George Bernard Shaw. The photograph was taken after a performance of "The Apple Cart," Shaw's new play produced at Malvern last week

PRIDE AND THE PRODUCER

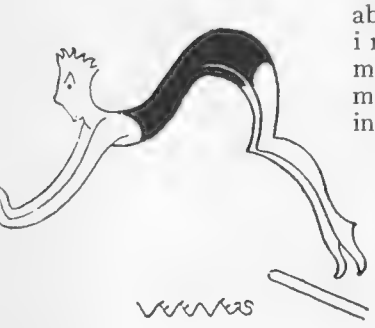
Photopress

Miss Iris Rickaby, the well-known lady rider, with her fiancé, Mr. Keith Piggott, a famous amateur steeplechase jockey. The photograph was taken at the former's home at Wantage

The Ziegfeld Theatre, Soho, is not, however, being run entirely on American money, though I believe Mr. Selfridge is being partly responsible. Ziegfeld has a lease only. Lady Cholmondeley, sister of Sir Philip Sassoon, has put up a very large sum.

MR. BERTIE MEYER is certainly a very modest man. He can, it appears, show himself to be content, and even proud, about the most infinitesimal achievements. "Never in the whole course of my managerial career," he has just informed the world in true Serjeant Buzfuz vein, "have I been so proud of anything as I am of having secured Mr. W. T. Tilden to appear in a play produced by me in London."

Golly!



NOW there is no reason of any kind (except the quite unimportant one that he is not an actor) why Mr. Tilden, the lawn tennis celebrity, should not be hired to play the leading part in a London theatre. I could with equal equanimity see Mr. Tilden being hired to lead the Brigade of Guards at the Trooping of the Colour, to play the organ at Westminster Abbey, or to polish up the Crown Jewels. But, being even more modest than Mr. Meyer, pride would not creep over me had I been the means of inducing him to do so.

If the exigencies of business demand it, let us have in the cast of the next play Jack Dempsey, the Grand Lama of Tibet, Trotsky, "Jix," Victoria Cross, and Mr. Meyer himself, with a chorus of Australian aborigines. Then we shall have something to be proud about—perhaps.

I HAVE not been impressed by the profound wisdom of coroners—an unnecessarily talkative crowd. But for saying the wrong thing at the wrong moment commend me to Mr. Ingleby Oddie. An inquest was being held on an unfortunate boy who had died as the result of vaccination—medical opinion being that the lymph had been too strong. "You are opposed to vaccination, I believe?" Mr. Oddie is reported as having said to the bereaved father: *"Well, if you had ever seen a case of smallpox you wouldn't be!"*

Comic indeed (had not the circumstances been so tragic) is this assumption that the unsightly appearance of a stranger owing to non-vaccination would soon make an anti-vaccinationist, whose son had admittedly been vaccinated to death, see the error of his ways.

THERE are other ways than that of providing means for the entertainment of lady guests in adjoining annexes by which the older, more sedate, and more exclusive clubs can move with the times. One would be the provision of food of some sort after 11 p.m. up to, say, half an hour after midnight.

There are precious few first-class clubs where anything to eat can be obtained after dinner except sandwiches, and often it is not possible to get even these. Doubtless there are many difficulties in the way of providing hot suppers—increased kitchen expenses, and so forth—but cold ham, cheese, cold game, and other simple dishes could surely be on hand without much additional trouble. Such amenities should not be hopelessly beyond the expectation of those who pay 20 guineas a year and a 40-guinea entrance fee.

BY THORPE

"Go and wash now, John. I'm expecting Auntie Kate to tea!"

"Yes, but supposing she doesn't turn up!"

BESIDES, such a course (or even two or three courses) would only be a reversion to previous practices. I

A PLEA FOR SUPPERS

GENERAL POST

William Tilden, the famous lawn tennis player, will be seen in a leading part in a West End production in the autumn, and a daily paper suggests that actors might take up various sports in order to win fame off the stage as well as on it. We therefore offer a few suggestions in this respect.

A JOCKEY'S the job for George Gee,
Whilst Evelyn Layes the odds Daly,
And Winifred Shotter
Has certainly got a
Place near the Butt when the sport's getting hotter,
And Gerald Ames at the grouse gaily.

Max Rivers at rowing should shine,
Ian Hunter would follow the Tickham,
Whilst out at the wicket
The fellow to stick it
Is Oscar, who'd win all the Asches at cricket—
He knows how to drive, cut and snick 'em.

Miss Barbara really should go
To Everest(t) just to attack it,
And a Toreador a bull
Would find adorable
Is Dorothy, even though she might Holmes-Gore a bull,
Whilst for soccer we've got Walter Hackett.

Ivan Sampson at putting the weight
Would all other rivals be scorning—
What might make some men sore
And excite all their pens or
Pencils, would be if they spotted the Censor
Still out on the dirt track each morning.

B.W.

remember—and I am not quite a dodderer yet—dining as a youngster with an uncle at a famous old club, still famous and still old, when candles in silver candlesticks formed the only method of illumination, and dinner, with the post-prandial port, was prolonged to 1 o'clock in the morning. Now most members troop in to dine, like a lot of schoolboys, at 7, and the dining-room is dark and deserted by 9. If simple suppers could be provided in clubs the younger members, who do not always want to sup expensively near a jazz band, would use them more, and there would be fewer groans from the committee about losses on the kitchen accounts.

MALVERN is not only a sort of Salzburg for Bernard Shaw and the nursery of about a platoon of healthy cricketing Fosters. Educated there was that strange being, Aleister Crowley, who has just got himself married. Crowley must be well over fifty now, and of late years very little has been heard of him. But at one time certain undergraduates and certain of the youth of Chelsea regarded him as a sinister figure, as a sort of 20th-century Marquis de Sade, a reputation in which, I believe, he took great joy. He had lived abroad for years. I once met him and came to the conclusion, rightly or wrongly (I fancy the former) that his bark was worse than his bite, and that he was a far more respectable member of society than he would like his immediate circle to believe, although a few years ago he was the central figure in a series of "exposures" which appeared in a certain weekly paper which devotes much space to the exposing of lurid slices of life. Anyway, he's a personality of sorts, and Augustus John has painted his portrait.

Central Press

"TAKE CARE OF THE PENCE, AND——"

Mr. Alick Lauder carefully counts his loose cash before taking a dip at Jersey. Having said so much it is but necessary to add that he is the brother of Sir Harry Lauder!

Lionel Powell

Jeritza, who in private life is the Baroness Popper, the beautiful prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera, New York. She will make her first concert appearance in this country at the Albert Hall next autumn

CLEMENCE DANE writes on The Book of the Month

"NICKY SON OF EGG"
By GERALD BULLETT
(*Heinemann: 7s. 6d.*)

MR. BULLETT is known to lovers of short stories by his three collections—*The Street of the Eye, The Baker's Cart* and *The World in Bud*. Lovers of the whimsical or fantastic will remember his *Mr. Godly Beside Himself*, that chronicle of the discovery of fairyland by a bank clerk, and the simultaneous discovery of "Yuman beans" by his fairy double. Mr. Bullett has also written *The Panther*, an unusual child's book called *The Spanish Caravel*, and last spring a novel, *The History of Egg Pandervil*; and has published some criticisms and a curious essay, *Dreaming*, which indirectly gives some account of the processes by which Mr. Bullett has arrived at the production of so remarkable a novel as *Nicky Son of Egg*. It confirms, indeed, the impression that his earlier books give, of a born realist who is also a man of dreams, which is another word for a man of imagination. In still water you can see the exact reflection of the real world; but ruffle the water and heaven knows what fantastic distortion of reality may not result! In Mr. Bullett's early books one always feels that the waters are ruffled. He is recording exactly the real world as it is reflected in the world of his imagination; but his imagination is lashed into disturbance by his uncontrolled sense of pity or horror. And so, though his books have always been worth reading because they are beautifully written and full of original ideas, the reader has, nevertheless, closed them feeling that Mr. Bullett had not yet entirely made up his mind as to what he wanted to say, was not entirely sure of the true shape of the image he saw reflected in his mind.

❋

BUT in *Nicky Son of Egg* he has become quite sure. All his different ideas and interests, his understanding of dull people and dull lives, his knowledge of the secret impulses, sins, joys, dreams, and visions that are hidden behind the mask of dullness, his delight in nature, in colour, sound, shape, his realisation of the individual as a helpless creature in the grip of a fate he cannot discern nor understand, all these things have gone to the making of his new book.

THE youth of *Egg Pandervil* is recorded in an earlier story, but the present tale is not, therefore, a sequel. It happens that Mr. Bullett has written two tales about the same character, that is all: the first a delicate sketch, the second a masterpiece—recording the mutual love of an old man and his son. *Old Egg Pandervil's* second youth begins with the death of the dreadful wife who had turned his life to bitterness. He sees his elder children settled, and he is left to re-live his life through watching his darling live. Fortune, turned kind, restores to him the family farm for which he has hankered since his boyhood. *Nicky* marries a kind and gentle woman, and "they all live together in a crooked little house" as happy as birds in a nest. Who could believe that life could still be so kind to an old man?

By INDER BURNS

"Yes, that is Mr. Squill—such a charming man. He's our local chemist and a piller of the church"

❋

THEN comes the War. Nicky enlists. A child is born, but he never sees it. He is killed, and the news of his death comes home to *Egg* with his last letter:

"He stood up. The house seemed to sway a little, but not so badly as before. Hugging the wall, he made his way slowly towards the kitchen, the room most in use, hoping with all his heart that Jane was not there. Likely enough she'd be in the dairy or the wash-house. He hoped she was not in the kitchen, for she was hiding something from him, and there might be a letter from Nicky. . . .

"'Ah, what's this!' He unfolded the paper, flattened it on the sill, and fumbled for his spectacle-case. A letter from the War Office—he could decipher that much, but the rest was blurred to his weak sight. He found his spectacles and put them on. 'That's better! That's splendid! Now, let's see what they . . . What's it mean? Killed in action . . . killed . . . that means he won't come back.' . . . He stared into the idiot face of outrage. 'My son Nicky, my little son . . . now you're fit to kiss the ladies, Nicky. . . . O Jesus, let me die.'

"Who could believe that life could still be so cruel to an old man?"

❋

THE whole book is fine and delicate, but the last twenty pages seem to me, both in the conception and in the writing, to reach the heights. The description of the father's agony of grief is almost unbearable, yet, though we are shown a very hell of suffering, we are never allowed to lose sight of the underlying beauty. For love, the writer seems to say, is beautiful, and *Egg* must have loved very much to have suffered so very much. Nor is the power of the story narrowed by the fact that we are asked to watch the tragedy of insignificant figures. Who could make a mouse immortal? Burns could with his "wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie." In much the same way does the passion of an *Egg Pandervil* typify for us the griefs of all weak, helpless, harmless creatures, wrecked by the undeserved, unwilled calamity of war. *Nicky Son of Egg* is the harmless little story of harmless little men. But it is not a little book.

BY HYNES

ANOTHER DISARMAMENT QUESTION

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Deer stalking, three aspects of which are seen in the above photographs taken in the Inverness-shire hills, is not everybody's sport. T somely for a grouse shoot, thinks twice before renting a deer forest. A full-grown stag, four feet high and weighing about 18 crawling, with your ghillie keeping a weather eye on the direction of the wind, may result in sight of a pair of antlers, but, ev ever and your day spoiled. The best deer stalking is still to be had in the wild and rocky forests of Inverness-shire, Perthshir

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C.F.H.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

A WOMAN OF FEZ

By DOROTHY BUCK

Illustrated by R. Wenban

"ANOTHER fool," said the Capitaine de Paurel, coming into the Volubilis late one night, "has gone and done it. *Garçon, un noilly-cassis.* . . . Have you heard, all of you?"

"We have heard nothing," pronounced Hérancourt, from the depths of an easy-chair. "There are so many fools and so many ways of 'doing it.' Come along, *mon vieux*—out with it."

There were four men in the Volubilis, the small and select American Bar where smart military and civilian Fez was wont to congregate. There was Hérancourt, a *colon*—which approximates to the same thing as a gentleman farmer—Bendini, the Corsican *sous-chef de Cabinet* of His Excellency, and De Fréville, a subaltern new to the country and who was at present all eyes and ears. De Paurel proceeded to satisfy their curiosity.

"An ambush near Beni-Mellal—the usual spot. Duplessis and his chauffeur got taken prisoner. What the devil were they doing there, anyway? I'll bet he's got more than he bargained for this time. The thing is, what will the authorities do about it?"

Everybody looked at Bendini, he who had the ear of the Resident, kept his eye on the native pulse, and the French one, too. That young man merely narrowed his already narrow eyes a little more, and smiled wearily as he sipped his whisky-fizz.

"My dear fellows, why look at *me*?" he inquired mildly. "Am I the Resident? I presume there will be the usual negotiations. A sum of money decidedly out of proportion to the worth of Duplessis's superfluous carcase will be asked—and accorded, probably. We are getting a little tired of these incidents. But we shall probably liquidate it as we have others—since Morocco has to be a country fit for tourists to live in."

Like most Corsicans, the more he talked the less you knew.

"DIDN'T we hear," demanded De Paurel point-blank, "that the next unwary person who fell into one of these traps was to be left there? As to money—he's rich enough, in all conscience, to pay his own ransom without applying to the Government. But after the affair of the Steeg party last year it leaked out—yes, even to us poor fools in the Army—that there'd been about enough of it. That the next to embarrass the powers-that-be was to stew in his own juice. Duplessis isn't anybody's favourite—hasn't even an uncle a Deputy! I'll wager we've seen the last of him!"

"Who knows?" murmured Bendini, who himself had heard the full tale of the capture an hour before he left the Residence, but who did not stand where he stood at twenty-nine for nothing. Men commonly judged him a man without a weakness. He was either that or one whose weaknesses had not yet been found out.

"Well, *you* know, I expect—*vieux renard!*" said De Paurel, with a grin. Bendini merely looked pained.

"He was a good deal too clever, that one," summarised Hérancourt. "One does not make a fortune in five years—if one is an honest man. That is a little too quick, even for post-war Morocco. Now he has got caught!"

'LOOK here," said De Fréville, whose eyes were nearly starting out of his head. "Have I got this thing right? Some chap has fallen into the hands of dissident Chleuhs and he's going to be left there? But, *bon Dieu*, think of our prestige! He is a white man."

"There are white men and men who are not so white," remarked De Paurel. "Anyhow, why should our authority be compromised by having to make outrageous concessions to the rebels for the release of every prisoner who by his own reckless idiocy falls into their hands? It had to stop some time. This time—when they've got hold of someone no one particularly wants back—seems to be the moment. *Un point, c'est tout.*"

"When you say that no one particularly wants him back," observed Hérancourt, "haven't you forgotten . . . El Fascia?"

DUPLESSIS was a French civilian of thirty-five, good-looking, well-dressed, a man who did everything well, and was received in most houses. His business, when he came to Fez five years back, had been vague. He merely referred to it largely as *les affaires* . . . it might be grain, it might be fruit, or it might be land—or money-lending. If he had risen with moderate speed to fortune, as men do in a new country, all would have been well. But the astounding rapidity with which his villa on the outskirts of Fez was exchanged for an old and splendid Arab house in the quarter of La Medina, and his two-seater gave place to three high-powered cars, was indiscreet. To these signs of wealth were rapidly added a few vineyards and olive plantations—a mere hundred thousand hectares or so—a country estate in the Atlas, Marrakech way, a villa on the sea front at Casablanca, and, lastly, a wife, the most expensive of all: none other than El Fascia.

People had begun to whisper that his business was mysterious indeed, that nothing paid better than treachery. That a bootlegger in ammunition—one who secretly sold guns and cartridges to the dissidents—might well become a rich man overnight; but not a man whose hand you would care to shake. Still, with the carelessness of a new country where men live feverishly, not seeking too closely into anybody's business or antecedents, rumour alone did not kill, even socially. But Duplessis had capped his already remarkable career by an even more remarkable marriage.

SHE was called "El Fascia"—"the woman of Fez"—because people did not know her real name nor whence she sprang. She had sprung to fame in the Café Mauré of Bab Djelloud, and quickly been translated to a higher sphere—the Palladium, Fez's one theatre. She had no racial type, but possessed the lithe hands, almond eyes, that may belong to Spaniard, Turk, or Syrian. She spoke the vernacular fluently: also French and several other European tongues, also Chleuh, the Berber hill-tongue.

Her past was undiscoverable, her future unguessable. Such women as she may become queens or die on a dust-heap. Somebody having committed suicide because of the refusal of her capricious favours—an essential event to the worldly success of any famous courtesan—she was universally acknowledged to be the most maddening, the most adulated woman in North Africa. Then she met Duplessis: fell frantically and irrevocably in love with him, and behaved with the astounding modesty that sometimes governs women of this type, who have so often given the only thing they have to give that sometimes the only way in which they can mark the bestowal of their stormy heart is by its refusal. The reward of that which was not virtue, but virtue's dark counterfeit, was that Duplessis married her.

There was so much humour in this situation to those in the know that the queer couple did not drop out of social life, even though the official set did not know them. The great thing everybody longed to discover was whether El Fascia did or did not love her husband. But it is not easy

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to read the eyes of a woman who has spent her life revealing her body and concealing her thoughts. Nobody knew. They only knew that Duplessis himself was crazily infatuated—and the marriage had already lasted a year. He went off more and more rarely on his strange errands, seemed to have dropped buccaneering. Until this last expedition, where, as Hérancourt said, he had been too clever.

There is no more dangerous game to play than treachery, where the other party is a native and suspicious. If, indeed, this *was* his game. There were some who went so far as to say that all this was a trap to which officialdom was secretly a part—that, thanks to certain machinations, inspired from on high, the biter was bit. It was so curious that, though everyone knew where he was, nothing had appeared in the papers, and the usual omniscient journalists were either unfindable or, if found, avowed themselves ill-informed—an extraordinary avowal for a journalist.

Meanwhile, there was one question on everyone's lips. . . . What would *she* do . . . El Fascia?

THREE nights after the news of Duplessis's capture Bendini was strolling along a street of La Medina. He passed by the warm torchlight of native shops into a sad, starless dusk. Hardly distinguishable in the dim light were the great doors of these old houses, doors of carved wood or wrought metal, behind each of which moved an unseen, mysterious world, for this was the quarter of the rich Mussulmans, the aristocrats of Fez. Many Europeans would have given much to possess one of these old houses, but the chance to buy was rare. Presently he came to a great gateway of iron that differed a little from the rest. The surprising modernism of an electric bell was to be found in the wall next it. The scent of sandalwood which had assailed his nostrils lower down the street was no longer there.

Before the Corsican could put his hand on the bell the iron gate swung inward. A negro in white pantaloons and crimson bolero stood aside for him to pass under a stone archway, then himself turned the great key in a heavy inner door of oak. Bendini stepped into the *patio* with a superficial sense of curiosity overlying the inner and violent tumult of his thoughts. It was the first time he had crossed the threshold of one of the old Mussulman houses of Fez.

It was built in the conventional Arab style, and had not been modernised, to outward view. Round a central *patio* of azure tiling six or seven rooms opened, furnished with rich carpets and low divans. In the middle played a scented fountain—whim of a Pasha or a *nouveau-riche*. On the first floor was the usual gallery, and on to it opened the only windows. The four exterior walls were blind, relic of the days when the bright eyes of the women of Fez—those women reputed for their beauty, their cunning and their cruelty—might not even gaze on the outside world through barred windows. Here, within these walls, for ever hidden, they had lived their secret, sensuous lives.

The Corsican allowed himself to be led across the *patio* and into one of the rooms facing him. His feet made no sound on an exquisite Persian carpet of a rare rose colour. Multi-coloured light gleamed through the curious glass shade of a modern electric lamp. The room was furnished with that sense of barbaric beauty and modern comfort that can successfully be achieved in Africa. But these things he did not notice. His eyes were on the woman who was curled up on the divan behind the lamp.

A STREAM of amethyst light fell on the white oval of her face, shadowing still more mysteriously those guarded eyes that never looked straight into yours, nor yet fell before them. He thought—for in the sanest and wisest men, yes, even in those who have become men of moment at twenty-nine, there is a streak of the madness that may wreck—that her mouth was like a small, folded poppy-bud, as red, as silken and as secret. Her hair made a deep shadow on her cheeks, which gave her a ghostly look, and about her there was no sensuous charm, but rather that sense of something strange which so infallibly enslaves. Pearls hung in her small ears, and she was wrapped in a white shawl that was all fringes. In one hand, bright with the gleam of diamonds, she held a long ebony cigarette-holder. She might have been receiving in the Faubourg St. Germain, thought he. What consummate cleverness! What *is* this woman? . . . then, with a deferential smile, a smile that ignored the past and left the future unquestioned, he bent over her other hand.

"*Mes hommages, chère Madame!*"

"It was good of you to come as I asked, Monsieur," said she with that amusing correctness—at one time she had called him Bendini, *tout court*, before her apotheosis.

"His eyes were on the woman who was curled up on the divan behind the lamp"

"Not in the least." With true diplomacy he knew when fencing was no good, and preferred himself to affect a careless frankness rather than have it forced upon him.

"In such a moment as this—when all can fully understand your anxiety—it is but natural that you should wish to have friends about you."

Thus ignoring the fact that since the day when she had chosen Duplessis they had not met. She dismissed this at its true value by a little gesture. With one glance from those dark eyes that seemed not quite to meet his, she knew that she did not need to fence, not even to be witty: merely to be, that was all.

"Sit down, here on the divan." Her voice took on a note of perilous promise. "I want you to sit near to me so that I can tell when you are lying. Now I shall ask you questions and you will answer them, but though you may lie, as all diplomats do and most men, I shall know. I shall read the truth through your eyes!"

"Then you will be cleverer than *I* was when I once looked into yours, Madame," said Bendini with a little laugh. He had not meant to say this, he had meant to fence *en homme du monde*, not to show the chagrin of a rejected lover. But the words escaped him, and he looked at her yearningly and yet with hate, as men look at women for whom they would have died and who have passed them by.

"Perhaps I *am* cleverer than you," said she, with a soft laugh. "We shall see. Now tell me this. What *are* they going to do about my husband?"

"*Chère Madame*, all that can be done is being done," said he glibly, once more master of himself. But she leaned forward and suddenly took his face between her two small hands. He noticed confusedly that though they looked white and cool the fever-heat of them seemed to scorch his cheeks. She said, with her dark gaze momentarily meeting his—and he experienced a sense of almost physical shock and strangeness, as when one sees some movement in a forest that may have been a gliding snake—"You mean that they're going to leave him there to die like a rat in a trap? Because he doesn't happen to be the Resident's nephew? Or the lover of any woman of importance? Just a man who fought his own way up——"

"But *how, chère Madame*? That is what we should all like to know," said Bendini silkily; but he did not move to free himself from her burning hands, the touch of which was to him an exquisite agony. She released him, but as if she realised—and being a woman who knew many things not written in books, she may have done—that while the touch of her hand was upon him this man could not quite collect as he would have liked his cool and cunning wits, she still kept one hand over his wrist a manacle of fire of which he was more conscious than of her words or his.

"Say that he fought his way up by any means you like! Say that he was a traitor! Say all that you will. That is not the point——" With savage and shameless audacity she made her avowal. "This is the point. My husband must be saved. You will help me."

"A thousand regrets, Madame ——" began Bendini.

"There need be none," said she, "unless you waste your opportunity. Why, Bendini—why, my friend, do you try to deceive me? Did you not once tell me that a man need only regret one thing in this life—that when his desire was within reach of his hand he did not stretch out that hand? And you quoted to me the words of Hafiz: 'The Wise Man hath chained the Desire of his Heart with the chains of Wisdom and Honour, but the Fool hath entered Paradise!'"

"But what is the desire of my heart?" said Bendini in a low voice, and knew that he courted disaster.

"I think that I am," she said. Her one hand still held his. She leaned forward and again, for a fleeting moment, he could look into those eyes that were neither glad nor sorrowful, nor cold nor tender, but full of shadows and of secrets. Now he cursed himself for having come, now he thought his immortal soul was worth no more than the touch of her pale yet burning cheek. And again he thought wildly that a year or so ago he might have bought this wild and false and peerless creature for a few hundred francs—and kept her till he tired of her, which might not, he dimly suspected, have been before he had tired of life as well. Yet now, just for a few hours with her, he must sacrifice his honour, must pull strings, be wily and astute as he had never been, invent a thousand specious arguments to bend the great man whom he served as, were it necessary, he *could* bend him.

Just for this snatched kiss, this agony, this rapture. . . .

A very easy task, thought she, poor fool, they call this a diplomat! As if there *could* be diplomats at twenty-nine, there can but be men who think they are until a woman undeceived them. And as she let him out a little

later she whispered: "Come back at midnight, but bring me His Excellency's *written word* that the negotiations are to be started to save him. . . "

He brought it. It had meant an hour of argument. Such acuteness as he then displayed might have brought him fame as a barrister. And at last, after innumerable telephone conversations, ignobly triumphant, he was free to pursue his way to La Medina . . . with a rising fever in his veins, ready to set his lips again to that cup—of which he did not guess, this time, the flavour.

At midnight the iron gate swung softly inwards. Bendini stepped in and followed swiftly on the heels of the negro. She was waiting for him this time, heavily shrouded in her white shawl, whose fringes dripped round like pale seaweed. He put an arm round her but dared not kiss her lips until he had satisfied that fierce glance that for the moment shone from those secret eyes like a single dazzling ray, swiftly obscured, from shuttered windows.

"You said"—she began imperiously.

"You leave me no illusion. . . ."

But he held before her eyes the vital paper.

"The orders have been carried out already—it's waste paper now. But tell me one thing, for I'd give my soul to know it. Do you love him . . . *can* you love him? . . . Duplessis, your husband?"

She smiled, and he read scorn into that shadowed smile. Folly gaining hold on him, he took her in his arms and began calling her mad names that he had not thought he knew: "*Ah, ma chère tendresse, si tu avais voulu*——"

Upon these incongruous words of tenderness there broke the guttural voice of the negro:

"Madame, the Capitaine de Paurel wishes to know if Madame will receive him——"

Bendini started and released her. This contingency had never occurred to him, but might easily have been foreseen. He himself had set the military machinery at work—what more natural than that inquiry should be made as to what exact sum Duplessis's wife could dispose of as a concession to start the *pourparlers*; what for the full ransom? It must be some such question, and no other. And whatever happened, he mustn't be found. He turned on her sharply.

"Look here I must get out—— '

"We can't keep him waiting. And you can't go out; the only door opens on to the *patio* and he's the other side of it. Wait, I must think!"

She pushed away the heavy coil of black hair that fell over her cheek with a wild gesture, then seemed to stiffen.

"Come this way. I have only one place to hide you. If you're found here now they'll drop the negotiations, because they'll guess. Scandal for you—the end for *him* . . . quick, behind this curtain."

He followed her, feverishly intent on escaping from this deadly situation. She drew aside the curtain that hung at the far end of the room, revealing, to his surprise, a flight of stone steps. Slipping and scrambling in her haste, she ran down them and he at her heels. At the bottom was a dark corridor where floated a dank, cold odour. At this moment something fell across his mind like a shadow—a memory he could not capture but that had in it something menacing. But it was too elusive, it fluttered on the airy outskirts of his mind. Something about being careful in the old houses of Fez, something about the old-time cruelty of the far-famed woman of Fez. . . .

But he had a revolver in his pocket.

At the foot of the stairs she showed him a door in the stone wall, also of stone, indistinguishable except by a faint rectangular crack.

"Look—press that knob—I can't wait, I must get back. That's your way out."

Without looking back, he flung himself on the knob and pressed it. The door opened outwards and he fell into nothingness, while the dim lamplight of the upper room gleamed on to black water running smoothly, undercurrents patterning it like watered ribbon. Hardly a sound—perhaps the cry had been stilled on his lips by the fear of death or something bitterer. Hardly a splash—men who can't swim sink more quickly. The subterannean river that flows under Fez has a swift current and bears all that is hidden in its bosom far out into the plains. El Fascia after one glance closed the door before more than one wave of cold water rising to its level could sweep in.

"A fool has entered Paradise," said she aloud in Arabic and added thoughtfully: "Or hell. . . "

Undisturbed she went up the stone steps and stepped out from behind the curtain. The negro stood waiting and she nodded dismissal to him.

"Thou hast done as I told thee. All is well."

She sat down cross-legged on the pink Persian carpet in her bedroom and rocked herself to and fro.

Should she go? She ought to go, because of Duplessis's love for her and because she'd had to betray it. None knew better than she that there is honour among thieves and honour among traitors. Duplessis loved her with the fierce and jealous love of the man who has always struggled, who has wrested the one thing he wanted from the close, reluctant palm of Fate. And Duplessis knew too much of life to be deceived—knew the country was full of men delighted to see he'd run his neck into a noose. Knew none would have stretched a hand to help him. Knew that she was the only one and hers the only way. . . .

That would make life hateful to him. But if she was a coward and stayed, might she not become more abject still, fall at his feet and kiss them, implore him for her life—he whose first thought would be to kill? And he might yield if she implored and they would live together, silent and full of venom, or love each other with contemptuous passion, slowly dying while it was slaked. And she, child of nothing, bred of the dust of Fez; she who'd snatched out of the dark and arid years one pearl of inestimable price, was she to yield that one treasure? No! Out of the dust . . . back to the dust. As in a dream, she took off her French clothes, folded them carefully, took off her rings, the pearls in her ears, then dived into a cupboard and brought out a blue shawl and a little box.

The shawl she wound round her and fastened with silver pins in the native way. From the little box she took henna and kohl. Each little finger she crimson-tipped. Then a brush dipped in the kohl—so! A tattoo-mark between her dark brows, in the middle of each waxen cheek, on the round chin. Over her black hair a white haik. Then she looked once more around the room. A Western woman might have cried and kissed his pillow. *She* merely put ready things he would want when he got back, perhaps very tired—dressing-gown, shaving things, slippers. Finished the dream, shattered the pearl. But Fate had not vanquished her, she had vanquished Fate, even to her just vengeance, coldly carried out for Duplessis, who would know that there was *some man* that he should kill, but not whom. Remained the imperishable fact that she, the dust-born, El Fascia, had known love. . . .

Out of the pleasant room, down the marble stairs, into the patio and out of the gate. Then down the cobbled street to a quarter of the town no white man knew, to streets so narrow, alleys so foul, dark so impenetrable, that there no white man would ever follow. Abode of the innumerable, the nameless, as many as the grains of sand, as indistinguishable. The roads were hard to her little feet, which were tender from wearing shoes these many years, and after a while their path was marked by little tracks of blood.

D. B.

"ILLUMINATION"

If you had left me time enough to think
I would have written poems to you;
Not palpably untrue,
Not heavy-laboured pages of dried ink
Describing you.
I'd say that I have found the missing link
Belonging to my chain
Of incomplete sensations,
That I've not hesitated on the brink
Of killing hope, in vain.
Much has been born of barren meditations—
Instead, you have involved my brain
With obsessional power.
I have not the freedom of one hour
To be alone again.
There is no other option but to sink
Myself in you.
Oh! if you'd left me time enough to think
I would have written poems to you.

DAPHNE DU MAURIER.

DIANA BEAUMONT

Raphael

The only English member of the cast of "They All Want Something," the new play which Mr. B. A. Meyer will shortly present in the West End. William Tilden, the famous lawn tennis champion, is to be the leading man. Miss Beaumont, although only twenty, has played in big parts in the West End

FILM NOTES

A STORM IN A TEACUP

Lois Wilson as the attorney's wife begs her husband, played by H. B. Warner, not to prosecute the young gambler (Jason Robards) in a powerful scene from "The Gamblers"

"The Squall," at the Regal

"*CARMEN est maigre. Un trait de bistre cerne son œil de gitana,*" sang a French poet of my childhood. He continued: "*Ses cheveux sont d'un noir sinistre, et sa peau, le diable l'a tanna!*" Change the name of Carmen for that of Nubi (which, although spelt improperly throughout the film, actually, I believe, signifies "cloud" in Spanish), and you have before you the heroine of "The Squall," London's latest "100 per cent. Talkie." Nubi is one of those dark-skinned viragoes with a passion for wriggling and twining themselves, snake-like, about the sturdy legs of hitherto law-abiding and self-respecting citizens.

S

WELL, there you have Nubi, our heroine, vamp and villainess. This time she is a lawless gipsy girl, member of a tribe wandering about the Carpathian Mountains on the borders of Hungary and Roumania. She is the wife of a Romany chieftain, to whom she has borne a child, and she is, when we first encounter her, heartily sick of domesticity as represented by El Moro and his brat. Why, incidentally, a Hungarian gipsy should suddenly break into Spanish and describe himself as El Moro is a mystery which is never cleared up, and it worried me not a little. Living down on the plain we find a singularly devoted family consisting of a hearty, well-to-do farmer, his serene and gentle wife, and a young cub of a son who has never once disobeyed his parents.

S

NUBI came wriggling and whimpering into the house, announcing that she had been stolen by the gipsies as a child, and that, sick of being starved and beaten, she had run away. Whereupon the Fairchild family instantly and joyously assumed the *rôles* of good Samari-

Lois Wilson and H. B. Warner in another scene from the Warner Bros. production, "The Gamblers"

By LADY ELEANOR SMITH

tans and took Nubi into their chaste home as tweeny, or mother's help, or in some such vague position. As the girl thanked them for their kindness she rolled her black eyes at the gentlemen of the family and appeared to like what she saw.

IN three days this amazing young woman had successfully put an end to all billing and cooing, thus arousing my keenest sense of gratitude. Do not think, however, that the atmosphere of the house became in any way platonic. In the words of the sub-title, "Love crept out and Desire came in." In fact, the three men of the family, Josef, his son Paul, and his servant Peter, one and all promptly desired Nubi, who appeared to achieve these conquests by squirming and chattering and twining herself about their legs like a homesick monkey.

NUBI was a gold-digger. When she had extracted a man's loose cash she simply turned to another man and started afresh.

CARROLL NYE, who played the erring son, looked about ten years older than his mother, the suave and elegant Alice Joyce, into whose mouth were put the most deplorable maternal sentiments of the Sonny Boy type. Richard Tucker was heavy as the father, and Zasu Pitts overacted as the maid-servant. Myrna Loy battled bravely with the almost impossible *rôle* of Nubi, and actually succeeded in making this swarthy young woman more or less credible. But why, in the film, change the setting of the story from the South of Spain to Hungary? Somehow Andalusia seems a more suitable background for this glittering and theatrical story.

Myrna Loy as she appears in the leading rôle in "The Squall." This is a First National talkie

"The Gamblers"

THOUGH we hear rumours of Wall Street, the region behind the closed doors of its private offices is a land of mystery and intrigue. What are the secrets behind the rise or fall of a certain stock, and from whence comes the money to carry on the manipulations of "The Street?" How much chance has the small operator or the depositor in the great savings institutions? Who are the Gamblers and who are the "sure thing" operators? These questions are dramatically answered in "The Gamblers." The active head of a financial company gambles not only with five million dollars, the savings of their depositors "borrowed" from their own company by one of the family of gambling Emersons, but with the love of his friend's wife, and then most exciting things begin to happen for the friend is a Government prosecutor, out to "get" the law-breaking financial crowd and intent on sending them to the penitentiary. "The Gamblers" is a brilliant version of the stage play by Charles Klein, and the all-star cast includes H. B. Warner, who played the star *rôle* in "King of Kings." Lois Wilson, and Jason Robards. This film, directed by Michael Curtiz, commenced a run at the Piccadilly Theatre on August 26th.

Jason Robards as the gambler dances with the wife of the attorney (Lois Wilson) in a Viennese café. Another incident in the new talkie, "The Gamblers," which is now showing at the Piccadilly Theatre

PARIS GOSSIP

RED RAGES and a ROTHSCHILD

By SYLVIA LYON *Illustrated by NORMAN KAY*

". . . look at these women with a thoroughly æsthetic appreciation"

THERE is a great deal to be said in favour of this intermediate summer season in Paris, with people returning to town for a few days on their way elsewhere, and everybody will be coming back within a few weeks. The Ritz terrace at lunch time is smart in spurts, people beaming and tanned; the Ritz garden at tea-time, quiet and important—important with its knowledge that everyone sitting there is smart enough to be anywhere at any time of the year.

IN the morning, the shopping district—that is, the restrained but elastic area from the Rue de la Paix westward to the Etoile, and a slender line radiating but slightly north and south from the Rue and Faubourg St. Honoré—is blooming with the most *chic* women I have seen in months. French, North Americans, English, South Americans, Spanish, Central Europeans, in Paris for a few days shopping on their way back from the various cures (for don't let anybody fool you: the most authentically smart, in every sense, people are to be seen at the cures, not at the seaside resorts) on their way back to their own homes, or the French to their *chateaux* for fall shooting. It is most amusing to see working men in the streets stop tearing up these streets to look at these women with a thoroughly æsthetic appreciation to be seen on the faces of no other working men in the world.

YES, it is utterly agreeable to be in Paris just now: all the friends one really wants to see are here, if only for a few days, and the ones you do not want to see can be easily avoided by the amiable *alibi* of Summer.

A FEW days ago I told a French boy that one of my reasons for adoring Paris is because I always seem to meet somebody or other whom I know on the street. "Impossible," he said. "*I* never see anybody I know on the street." "That's because you drive a car," I said. The following morning in the Champs Elysées I met Serge Mdivani, or rather he nearly ran over me. The papers had stated that he is more or less engaged to Mary McCormick, who has been singing in *Manon* at the Opéra Comique. I asked Serge if he had been reading the papers, too, and he said "Yes," and that it was all quite interesting, as Pola Negri had not even started her divorce proceedings. Then I went on down the Champs Elysées, and stopped to laugh at the corner of the Rue Marbeuf, where an automobile had had its two front wheels knocked from under, and the car was kneeling there like a person who had suddenly grown weak in the legs. Alfred Savoir, who never, never wears a hat, and who is always writing marvellous comedies like his *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*, was laughing at the car, too. Shortly he is to start writing a new play in collaboration with a great friend of mine. The idea of the play is simply adorable, and I cannot say a word about it; I am furious, but perhaps they will allow me to break my word of silence by the next issue of THE BYSTANDER.

THEN in the Faubourg St. Honoré I met Kiki Roy, the daughter of the Canadian Minister in Paris. "Come with me," she said. I glanced above at the building before which we were standing. "*Oussadba Russe. Thés,*" I read.

"Tea, I inquired, at half-past eleven in the morning? No thanks." I looked higher. "ATTILA . . . DESTROYER OF RATS," I read. "Rats?" I questioned cautiously, "I don't care for rats at any time of the day." "Neither do I," she said. "I am going to have a dress fitting. Come on with me." "Don't be crazy," I said, "I have enough troubles of my own."

(*Continued on page 474*)

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

DOCTOR: "*My treatment must be doing you a lot of good, you look much better to-day*"
PATIENT: "*Oh, I always look much better in this hat!*"

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 472)

TROUBLES (to be gotten over quickly, so the male readers of this journal won't think that's all I talk about): Dotted jersey, the latest material for sports; for the morning, tweed and wool "unis" cardigan jackets, with skirts *en forme*; *pointillé* jersey one-piece dresses, to be worn under reversible jersey jackets or threequarter length coats; three-quarter length coats to wear over matching evening gowns.

HATS: variation on the *béret*, from striped jerseys to draped and stitched *panné* velvets for afternoon. The new line in hats: turned off the face, deep in back, curved to fit the neck, with a butterfly bow of self material at the back.

THE most hard-boiled dramatic Press is outraged and incensed against the production of the *Desaxés de Paris*, now playing at the Renaissance. Last week they demanded the intervention of the *Société des Acteurs* and the *Société des Directeurs*. Now they want the police to step in. It isn't a play, they say, it's an exhibition. For the dubious delight of strangers in Paris they have reproduced *La Petite Chaumière* on the stage. What realism! Belasco should see this! For, not content with simulating the atmosphere of the *Petite Chaumière*, the author and manager went right out with butterfly nets and caught real live fairies, taught them to say naughty things, and put them on the stage.

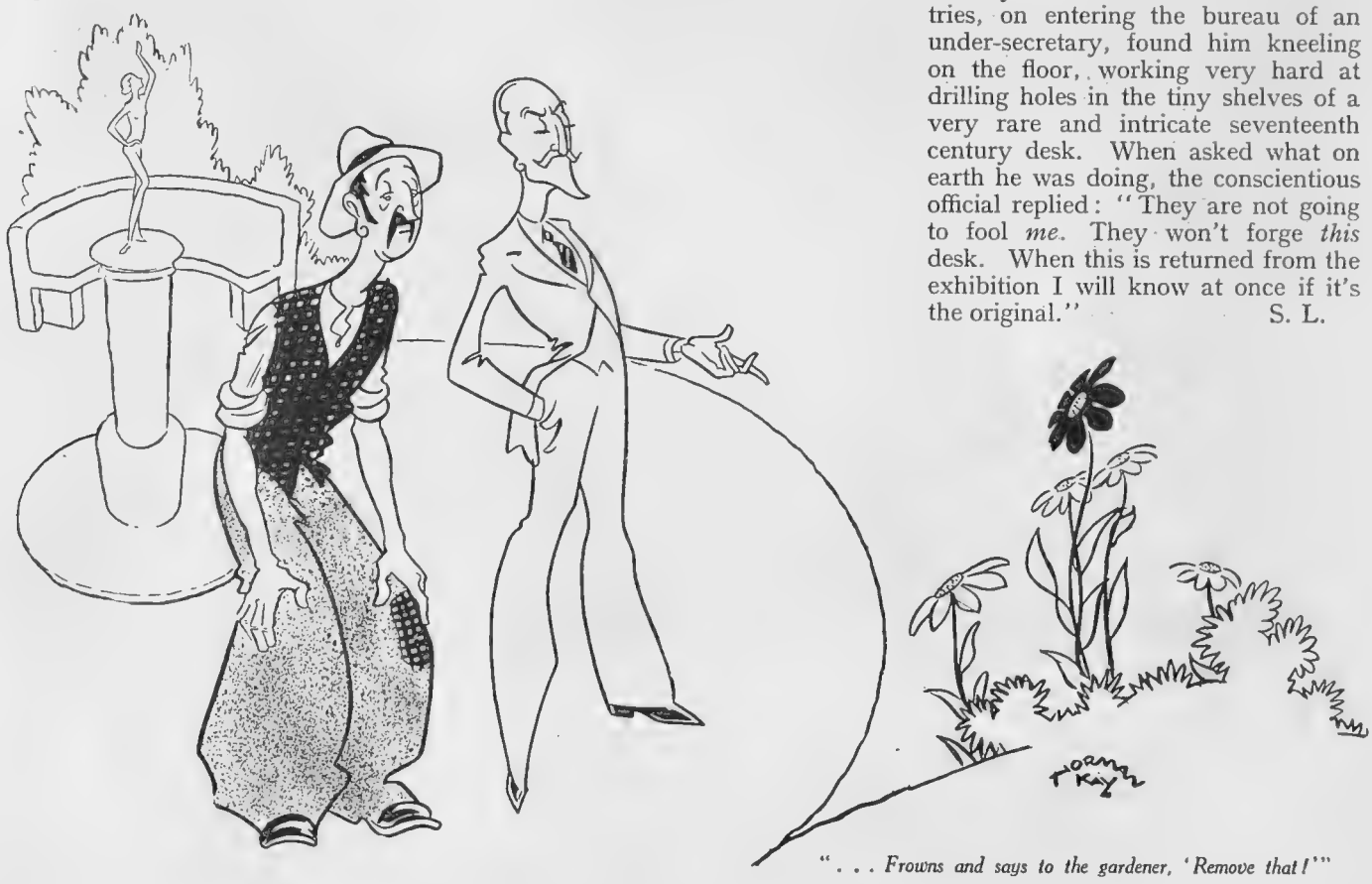
REALLY, the French are right to be distressed, for *Desaxés de Paris* shows up the city in an exaggerated and disgusting aspect, based on something which does exist, but exists for the foreigner who is eager to pay to see it. The author, Yoris d'Hansewick, was well equipped to write it: he is a foreigner.

AMONG the new promotions in the *Legion d'Honneur* awarded by the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts is the young Gaston Baty, who, with Georges Pitoëff, Louis Jouvet and Charles Dullin form the *avant-garde* group of theatrical producers. Baty started his career under Firmin Gémier of the Odéon, and reached his climax with his production of Simon Gantillon's *Maya* at the Studio des Champs Elysées.

THERE is one thing in this world that bothers Edouard de Rothschild. It is merely Red. He cannot bear Red. His eighteenth century house at Auteuil, where the Maréchal de Saxe once lived, is surrounded by magnificent gardens. And in the gardens the Baron frequently walks. Behind him walks his head gardener. If the master sees one red flower, one red-tinted leaf, he frowns and says to the gardener: "Remove that!" The poor gardener is very much upset about this obsession of his employer; his horticultural æsthetics are all awry. But if he wants to keep his job he must keep out any flowers with a Communist colour.

THERE is a special Napoleonic exhibition on at Malmaison, the nucleus of which is the famous Marshal's table, bought from the sale of the Prince de la Moskowa's collection by an American and presented to the French nation. All the fine pieces of furniture, tapestries, panels and pictures belonging to the collections of the French kings were distributed to the various museums and *châteaux* of the *domaines publiques* after the Revolution. The general name of this vast and priceless collection is called "Le Garde Meuble National." A great deal of the furniture has been placed in the various Ministries. Some of it leaks out—in fact, I heard that when experts went to view the collection of a famous actress one of them said: "What remarkable taste and knowledge Madame S—— has!" The other expert replied: "Well, her taste isn't so authentic, but her lovers had wonderful taste, especially two who have been Ministers. That table, for example, comes straight from Versailles!"

THE present Minister of Fine Arts, Pierre Marraud, is doing his best to watch the Garde Meuble, and to check the frequent disappearances and forgeries. His zeal is so great that it has been communicated to his underlings. Recently some rare furniture was to be sent abroad for a loan exhibition. It has been known that by the time a piece is packed, shipped, exhibited, and returned, a copy has been made and the original sold out of the country. A caller at one of the Ministries, on entering the bureau of an under-secretary, found him kneeling on the floor, working very hard at drilling holes in the tiny shelves of a very rare and intricate seventeenth century desk. When asked what on earth he was doing, the conscientious official replied: "They are not going to fool *me*. They won't forge *this* desk. When this is returned from the exhibition I will know at once if it's the original." S. L.



". . . Frowns and says to the gardener, 'Remove that!'"

Sasha

POLA NEGRI

The famous film star, who is the wife of Prince Serge Mdivani, is at present in this country. She has been busy working in Cornwall on the outdoor scenes of a new British film, "The Seat of the Fallen," in which she will appear in the lead

FLYING NOTES

SCHNEIDER FEVER!

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

Central Press

Flying-Officer R. L. R. Atcherley, one of the pilots who will represent Great Britain in the Schneider Trophy race, which takes place next month

Air Racing Good for Trade

IT is typical of our attitude towards international affairs, whether it be politics, business or sport, that we have been slower than our Continental neighbours to realise the importance of the Schneider Trophy Race. The nation which wins will retain for two years the reputation for designing and building the finest flying equipment in the world. As a result of our win at Venice in 1927 Supermarines and D. Napier and Sons obtained foreign business against competitors quoting half their prices, and the Italians particularly are determined that the Trophy shall not remain in England. As a result of official inspiration and personal encouragement from Signor Mussolini, the Italian pilots and engineers enter the fray with something of the "win or die" spirit of the gladiators. It is a great pity that the French machines are not ready, and that the single sporting entry from America may not complete its tests in time. As a result the race will be an Italian-British duel, and owing to official secrecy it is impossible to prophesy which will win. The veil may be lifted sufficiently by the time these Notes appear next week to give some details of the machines and their pilots.

A New Light 'Plane Record

THE Genet, the smallest of the Armstrong-Siddeley family of air-cooled radial engines, has further distinguished itself in America by raising the world's altitude record for light aircraft weighing less than 880 lb. to approximately 25,000 feet. The flight was made in a Beagley machine, beating the previous German record of 22,500 feet, and the British record previous to that of 20,000 feet. Rated at 80-88 horse-power, the Genet was produced originally to compete in *The Daily Mail* Light 'Plane Competition in 1926, and since that date it has been put into quantity production, being now used by many of the clubs in England, on the Continent, and in the States and Canada. Quite recently it won two important competitions for light 'planes in Germany, where it is regarded as a serious rival to the local radial types. In combination with the Moth it has been used for the past three years at the R.A.F. Display to demonstrate upside-down flying and inverted looping, being peculiarly suited to advanced aerobatics.

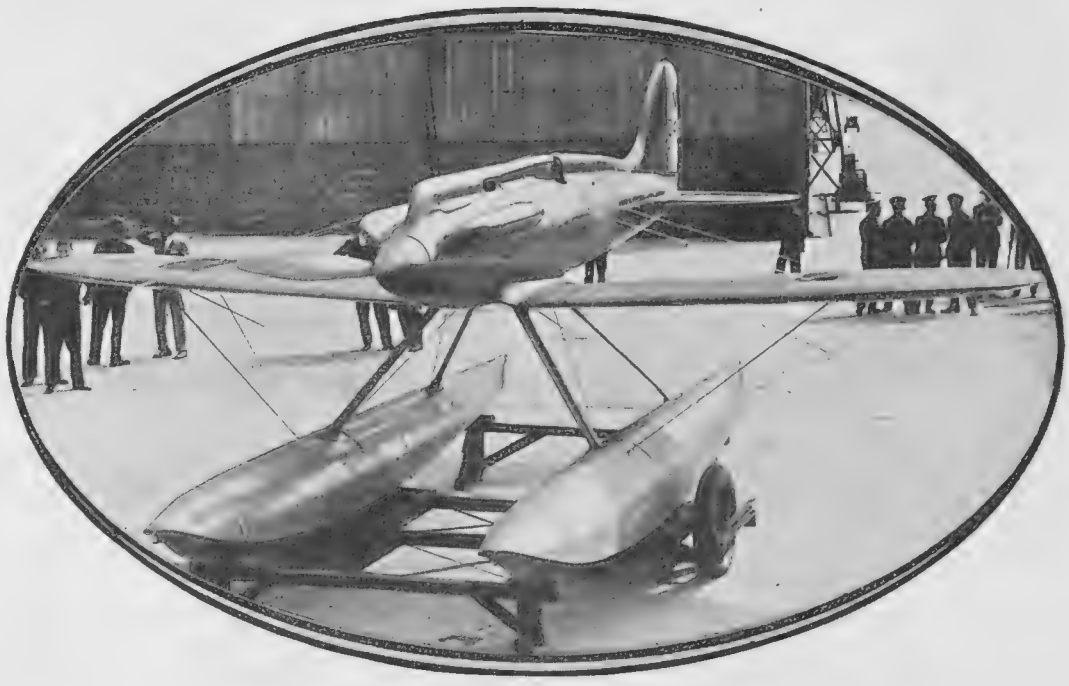
The Brothers "Genet"

THERE will be an increasing demand for engines in the light 'plane category of less than 100 horse-power, and the original Genet, which now becomes Genet Minor, is well placed in this class. Genet Major is the latest addition to the family, occupying at 110 horse-power a position midway between Genet Minor and the Mongoose of 150 horse-power.

It will be suitable for the more elaborate types of light aircraft, such as a three-seater saloon or a specially fast two-seater coupé, and in addition its power will be ideal for the three-engined type carrying four to six passengers, such as the Avro 5, which was on show at Olympia. In the case of both the Genets, all components are strictly interchangeable with others belonging to the same type—so that no hand-fitting is necessary—a very important point for the owner-pilot.

Dominion Clubs

NEW ZEALAND being farther away from England, and therefore from sources of supply, than the other Dominions, club flying had a late start. That its progress in a short period has been extremely rapid is shown by taking the single example of the Auckland Aero Club, which in celebrating its first balance-sheet finds itself in the happy position of having two Moths on indefinite loan from the Government and one its own property, being a gift from the *New Zealand Herald*. Two hundred hours' flying was carried out in just over two months with no mishaps of any kind, and the Committee attribute this excellent result to the skill and hard work put in by their instructor, Major G. A. C. Cowper, and their two engineers.



I.N.A.

The Gloster-Napier 6, one of the new machines which has achieved such astounding speeds in the Schneider Trophy trials. A speed of 350 m.p.h. has been achieved in practice flights

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

MR. LOCKE and other EXCITEMENTS

By RALPH STRAUS

Malcolm Arbuthnot

MR. WILLIAM J. LOCKE

The famous novelist, whose new book, "Ancestor Jorico," is reviewed on this page

I RAN across William J. Locke the other day. He had just returned from his Hollywood jaunt. I said: "They tell me you have written a 'shocker.'" He looked quite shocked, and, after reading his new novel, *Ancestor Jorico* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.*), I am not altogether surprised. Yet the new story does contain quite a number of un-Lockian excitements, including a treasure-hunt in Trinidad and a very nasty shipwreck. On the other hand, it introduces you to one or two folk, like the mandressmaker D.S.O. and Jones, his deaf-and-dumb and illiterate servant, whom it would be difficult to find outside the Lockian galleries.

❋

NOW I could find several faults in this adventurous yarn. The odds, for instance, against the unfortunate Jones—being who he is—coming into the service of Major Boyle of all people, must have been simply terrific. But does such a thing matter when you find that Mr. Locke has managed to give a delightfully new "twist"—oh blessed word!—to a buried-treasure story? In romantic affairs of this kind a coincidence or two is not out of place. And the "twist" itself, while wholly unexpected, is so deliciously natural. Periodically you hear of syndicates being formed and expeditions setting out to recover jewels and gold which somebody buried centuries ago. They generally fail, and they do not altogether succeed here; yet the most material rewards are duly forthcoming, and, in addition, two of the adventurers find romance of another, and even more satisfactory, kind.

❋

I HAVE always maintained that as a teller of stories Mr. Locke must be ranked very high; so it is here. You may cry out "Impossible!" or "Fantastic!" if you like, but it is at such moments that you become keenest to discover what on earth is going to happen next. You may say that Jones with his "aerographs" and his murderous knife is near to being an incredibility, but how exceedingly pleasant it is to read about him! And what fun it is—in spite of two or three tragic moments—to accompany the four cousins on board Lady Jane's yacht, and to mark the change in her maid, the admirable Ruth! A whimsical affair, if you will—that is what you have come to expect from the author—but most admirable entertainment.

❋

THERE is another adventurous and whimsical story which I think you will enjoy. This is *To-Morrow Never Comes* (Harrap: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by R. L. Duffus, an American writer who can be most joyously satirical when he likes. He has the greatest fun with two of those comic-opera South American Republics which are always having little wars or revolutions of their own. In Santa Eulalia they slaughter their Presidents—rather messily, it must be admitted—when they are not sleeping or drinking or making love, and in the neighbouring Nueva Tolosa they spend their time in precisely the same way. And when they declare war against each other—for that most excellent of all reasons, oil, discovered, of course, by a go-ahead Yankee—the most curious things happen.

❋

SANTA EULALIA becomes surprisingly bloodthirsty. (Life, however, is held cheaply in all districts where there is a general belief that it can only be "the other fellow" who will come to grief.) Generals are shot and ambassadors torn into very small pieces. Propaganda rears a truly ridiculous head, and the Church Militant plays its part. A peaceful clerk, about to be shot for daring to be in love with the beautiful Vitoria—two much more distinguished citizens want her—not only saves his skin, but lives to play no mean part in "the crisis." And a shoemaker becomes Generalissimo and ultimately sits in the Presidential chair. All the while, too, Mr. Duffus allows you to see that, although he is playing war correspondent in these potty Republics, much more important and more civilised countries are not wholly outside his vision.

❋

THE story does not continue quite so well as it begins, but it is unusually diverting, particularly at the bloodthirsty moments, for Mr. Duffus seems to have wrapped himself in an Eulalian cloak and shed all lugubriously Western values. He can describe the goriest murder in the prettiest fashion, and in his hands any fall from (respectable) virtue becomes a charmingly pagan idyll. This, of course, is not meant to imply that his novel will cause the Home Office to be "nervy," but only that it is refreshingly detached in its outlook on life in general, and European morals in particular.

MRS. PHILIP CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY

Her new book, "The Riddle of the Emeralds," has just been published by Cassells

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued)

NEITHER of these two books is a "shocker." The next two undoubtedly are, though that is nothing against them, and I mention them here for a particular reason. In *The Riddle of the Emeralds* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.*) Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny, besides having an exciting story to tell, has something to say of detective stories in general, and in *The Roman Hat Mystery* (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*) Mr. Ellery Queen has devised as pretty a puzzle in deduction as you could ask for and played absolutely fair in the matter of its solution.

"I have noticed," says a would-be woman sleuth in Mrs. de Crespigny's book, "there are certain rules you go by"—in the matter, that is to say, of writing detective stories. "For instance—if you say a man's eyes are too close together, or too far apart, you may be sure he is the murderer." And she goes on to say that "you have got to make something wrong about him, or the readers may get too fond of him and be sorry when he is found out; and yet you mustn't make him too wrong or unpleasant, or they will spot him as the murderer at once." Well, I suppose that is true. Again, "it is the shadow of the gallows—or whatever may stand for them—that must always be the incentive to the reader's excitement." Yes, it is only a really good murder that can provide the entire population of a country with a topic of conversation in which everybody can meet on common ground.

❋

AND I can see that "it isn't as easy as you think to write a story with a secret in it that mustn't be given away, and make the readers sympathise with the right people, and prejudice them against the villains and the vamps without their knowing it." I disagree, however, with one of the official detectives in this story, who is "very surprised at women being able to write such good detective stories." Women can, and do, write very good detective stories, and, if proof be needed, you have only to read of the mysterious murder of the Mr. Goodlake who owns the emeralds. For myself, I guessed soon enough whereabouts the most important clue was to be found, but nothing more, and it is only fair to add that, on looking back, I found that, although Mrs. de Crespigny had not omitted her "something wrong" with the criminal, I had made no deduction on that account. (But then my name is not Sherlock.)

MR. RUPERT GRAYSON

Whose new Secret Service novel, Green Cotton, will be published early next month, taken at Juan-les-Pins with his wolf dog

❋

IN fairness to Mr. Ellery Queen—that must be a pseudonym, I fancy—I ought to say that his publisher makes a point of declaring that his book is not really a "shocker" at all. Well, we will not quarrel on the point. It will be enough to hazard a guess that for most people his story will have the most curious fascination. It is well written, most exciting, and you are given every opportunity of playing sleuth yourself.

❋

A MAN is murdered in a New York theatre during a performance, and the police arrive before anybody—actors or audience—is allowed to depart. There are several odd features about the business, the most peculiar being the total disappearance of the murdered man's silk hat. The police investigation is long and complicated, but step by step it becomes clear to them (though not necessarily to the reader—I was completely fogged) not only who the murderer was, but how and why the crime was effected. Even then, however, the case is not finished, and there is a final "thrill" before the criminal is safely in prison. R. S.

COMPENSATION and CONCESSION

By "ACES EASY"

THE modern practice of bidding a five-card suit without top honours originally, provided that the hand holds outside quick tricks, leads to some surprising results. In the subsequent play it is sometimes possible to read for an absolute certainty the fact that your partner (who has called an original Spade, for example) *must* hold the Ace of Hearts, and thereby you can perhaps make a freak lead of the King of Hearts from Kingdoubleton not only with impunity but with success.

❋

PLAYING the other day at a table of experts I held the following hand. S.—10, 9, 7, 3, 2,; H.—A, 3; D.—A, Q, 6, 3; C.—J, 10. What was I to do? My practice is never to bid a weak no-trump; my Spades lacked any vestige of a quick trick, a Diamond was an unsatisfactory call at best; and the hand was unquestionably too strong to pass. Knowing my company, I called One Spade. I object to this bid, as it may induce a disadvantageous lead should (as happened) my left-hand adversary obtain the contract. However, West went Two Hearts, and everyone passed.

MY partner opened the Jack of Spades, covered by the Table's Queen, which took the trick. A Heart was led, taken by my partner, North, with the Queen. He then led the King of Diamonds, followed by a small one. I made my Ace and Queen, on which he discarded a Spade. The fourth Diamond was trumped by West, North discarding another Spade. West proceeded with clearing the trumps, and I was in with the Ace of Hearts. I immediately led not the Jack of Clubs to Dummy's weakness, but a Spade. This my partner trumped.

❋

THE defence lay in my partner's realisation that, as I had called a Spade originally and did not cover Dummy's Queen, I must have two outside tricks. He held the Club Ace himself. I was marked, therefore, with the King-Queen of Clubs or the Ace of Diamonds or the Heart Ace. He led his doubleton Diamond in the complete confidence that he would either make a ruff in Diamonds or obtain a discard.

This is the most elementary of hands, I grant, but it shows clearly that, used with intelligence, the "compensated" bid may be very valuable in defence.

I WOULD caution my readers, however often they may claim the rest, never to yield the rest to their own disadvantage. Play your cards out; the opposition are not infallible. It may well be that a mistake will give you your contract against cards which should be invincible. Even leading out losing cards may do it! I saw one player the other day hold four losing cards—a Heart, two Clubs and a Diamond. His dummy held four worthless Spades. Hearts were trumps. He led the losing Diamond, and the opponent on the left, instead of leading out a round of trumps, led a winning Diamond. He had neglected to count the trumps, and decided to "force the long trump out." Two hands later the right-hand opponent revoked on the penultimate trick! Here was a striking example of a rubber won by not conceding anything.

❋

IT may be of interest to note that, while the first case was an error by a bad player, the second was a piece of carelessness on the part of one of the finest players I know. In the words of the old American ditty: "The bigger they are the harder they fall!"

"Wait for me. I'm coming!!"

Rain!

BUT A GREAT PARTY AFTER ALL

WITH THE

'PIANOLA' PIANO

THE tennis party would have been simply ruined had it not been for the 'Pianola' Piano. Everybody gathered round for their favourite melodies, playing and singing to their hearts content the latest dance tunes and song rolls with jolly choruses. The words on the roll made it easy for everyone to sing and, of course, everyone could play the accompaniments in turn—a great party after all!

Later on someone suggested a popular classic—Liszt, Beethoven or one of a hundred others. The repertory of the 'Pianola' Piano is unlimited, and you can play it all though you may not know a note of music.

There is a 'Pianola' Piano for every pocket. A generous allowance for your present piano and convenient deferred payments for the balance, if you wish, make purchase easy.

'Pianola' Piano Catalogue J.E.2 sent on application. We shall also be pleased to advise you as to the exchange value of your present instrument.

There is only one 'PIANOLA'

The word 'Pianola' is a registered Trade Mark, the property of the Aeolian Co., and may only be used lawfully on the world-famous instruments manufactured by them. The name 'Pianola' is, therefore, your guarantee that it is the 'Pianola' Piano, Aeolian built, with fifty years of experience and the traditions of a great house behind it.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY LTD.

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MOTOR NOTES

Holiday caravanners lunching in the New Forest receive a visit from a local "gate-crasher." The car is one of the new Morris Isis six-cylinders

TRY TWO CARS

By E. M. WRIGHT

Not very long ago America set herself the ideal of one car per family. After that, it was gloomily predicted, would come the long awaited saturation point. America has achieved her ideal, but there is not a sign of any slackening off in production—far from it. We in this country must be content as yet with much less startling averages. In fact, we can only lay claim to an average of one car per clan, including brothers, sisters, uncles, cousins and aunts—not to speak of relations-in-law. But we are moving forward. And if ever proof were needed, it is to be had in the correspondence which recently appeared in one of the well-known motoring journals. For a motorist, contemplating the purchase of a new car, was seeking advice as to whether he should buy not one car but two.

***

His capital, £600, a very few years ago would have just comfortably sufficed for the purchase of one good car. I do not know his means—an important point when one takes into consideration the cost of licences and upkeep—but in view of the amount of capital he is prepared to invest I should not imagine that his income tax return would cause His Majesty's Commissioners for Inland Revenue any undue excitement. What, therefore, asks this plain man in the car, should he do? Buy one really posh car, and use it for all occasions, or get a comparatively cheap bus for everyday work, and buy a better one for State and semi-State occasions?

***

It was to be expected that most of those who replied would strongly urge him to buy two cars. But it is surely a very striking indication of what wonderful value can be had nowadays that correspondents were able to recommend two cars of proved worth in their different degrees—and still save this perplexed motorist over £150. There must be thousands of motorists, especially those with families, who are faced with a similar difficulty. Mr. Jones and Mrs. Jones, for instance, though they may have travelled through life together in perfect amity and concord, have inevitably found that their ways lie poles asunder when it comes to matters of everyday business and pleasure. It is a tie for Mr. Jones, who is aching to try out his new putter on the local golf course, to have always to escort his spouse and family on some week-end jaunt. It is a trial, too, for Mrs. Jones, especially if she lives in the country, to have to arrange her outings and her marketing to suit her husband's arrangements.

***

Let them but get another car and the position is revolutionised. Mr. Jones may then run over to the links for a round of golf without feeling that his wife is languishing in the fastnesses of her home. Mrs. Jones may then talk scandal with the vicar's wife for hours together without fear of a stormy interview with a fuming husband on her return. The other day I read a furious outburst from a much married man on the modern hotel practice of furnishing bedrooms with twin beds. I shall not attempt to discuss such a delicate subject here, but I do most certainly advise those who wish to ensure perpetual matrimonial bliss to furnish their garage with twin cars.

***

At no time am I so painfully reminded that summer is on the wane as when I look at a fixture card.

(Continued on page 482)

W. Wright

Mr. F. H. Rosencrants, Director of Engineering of International Combustion Ltd., with his Stutz car in the Swiss mountains at an elevation of 7,500 feet above sea level. The Rhone Glacier is seen in the background

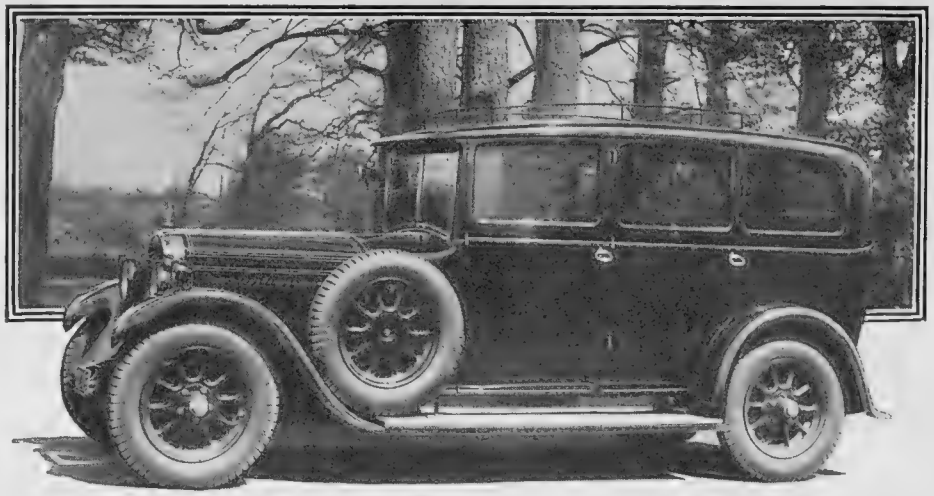
BOOKING
GREAT STUFF THIS BASS
4
GREAT STUFF THIS BASS
GREAT STUFF THIS BASS
GREAT STUFF THIS BASS
GREAT STUFF THIS BASS
GREAT STUFF THIS BASS

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 480)

One by one the year's classics have passed into history, and now Ulster, too, is a memory—but what a memory! The half-million spectators, who, it is said, were present at the race, had their money's worth, for it was a hard-fought struggle right to the very end. With only four laps to go it was still a matter of seconds who would win. It is interesting, too, to compare the averages maintained this year with those of last year. Kaye Don won the race in 1928 at an average speed of just over 64 m.p.h., but Carraciola has raised this figure to 72.82 m.p.h., and in doing so has established a new lap record of 77.84 m.p.h.—an altogether amazing performance.

***

THIS year's Tourist Trophy race, incidentally, was the biggest motoring event since the ill-starred Paris-Madrid race over a quarter of a century ago; but of the 66 who started no fewer than 44 failed to complete. Crashes were to be expected, but seldom, I should imagine, have there been so many narrow escapes. Rubin's amazing luck when his car overturned and pinned him underneath it is only equalled by Kidston's extraordinary adventure when, having recovered from a sensational skid which took him right off the road, he immediately got into another skid and, heading straight for a bank, finished up with his car perched on top of it and all four wheels in the air.



A new 20/65 h.p. six-cylinder Humber Limousine ready for the road. It was supplied to the order of the Duke of Portland

THE 21-60 h.p. Wolseley six-cylinder, which I mentioned in these columns recently, has now been produced in a long wheelbase form for the special purpose of carrying more roomy bodies, particularly those of the landaulette and limousine types. The landaulette is a particularly attractive body. It carries seven people—two on the driver's seat, three on the rear seat, and two on specially designed folding seats which face forwards. The partition behind the driver's seat is adjustable, and is fitted with a sliding glass partition. Triplex safety glass is fitted throughout. The price of this landaulette, inclusive of everything, is £695. Considering the power and performance of this chassis, this a moderate figure.

THIS WEEK'S HINT, No. 19: LEARN YOUR WIDTH

ONE of the worst signs of sloppy, inefficient, and inexperienced driving is to be seen when a car overtaking another swings out much too far across the road. Even more annoying is the driver who cannot or will not draw fully over to his own side on a narrow road, especially on a bend or corner. As a rule he has the kindest intentions; it is only that he does not know the width of his car, or how much room he has to spare. He fondly imagines that he is "hugging the kerb," or the grass, as the case may be, but actually he is leaving half a car's width of waste space between his near wheels and the edge. So let the not-too-experienced driver practise going through confined spaces and passing within a hair's breath of objects on the near side. There is seldom need to pass anyone like this on the road, but if you *can* do it you will extract yourself from many awkward emergencies.

The Comfort Car

WHIPPET-SIX MODELS £295

WHIPPET-FOUR MODELS £210

Its comfort Invites...

SOFT, supple, furniture hide upholstery promising—and giving—the sybaritic comfort of your most luxurious suite. Deep, restful cushions. Independently adjustable front bucket seats.

To see this car is to realise the charm of its pleasing appearance and the inviting comfort of its spacious interior. To try a Whippet Light Six on the road is to experience a new motoring pleasure. This can be arranged without trouble, without obligation. A Whippet Light Six would be sent to your residence should you wish.

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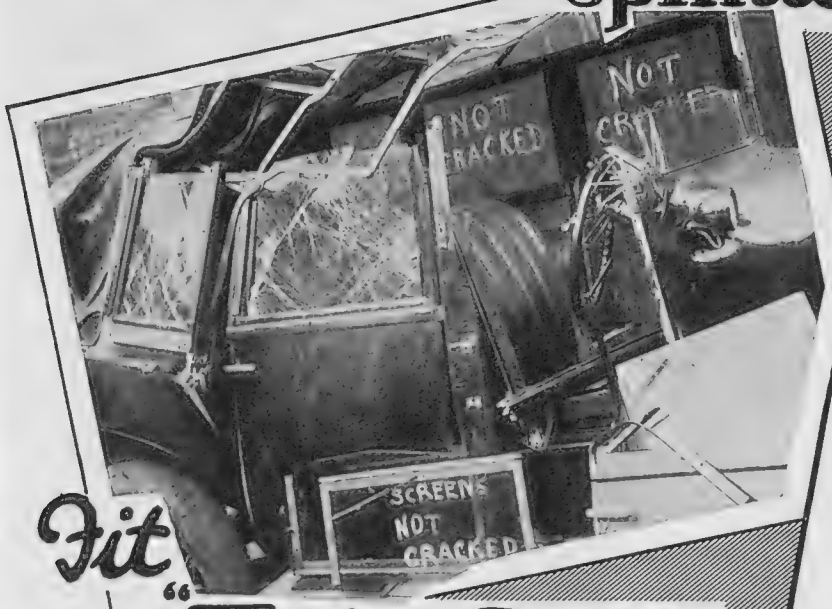
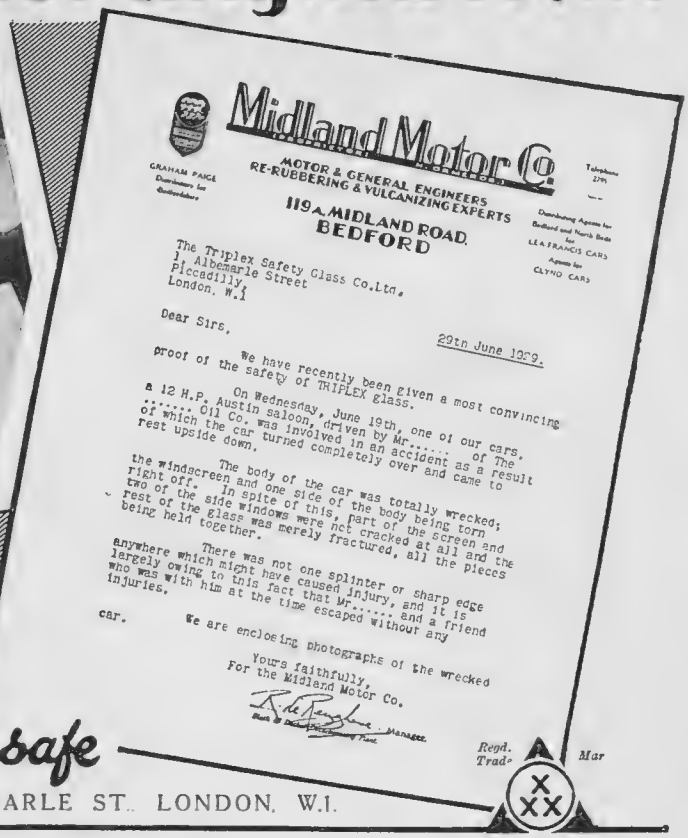
THE NEW WHIPPET 6 LIGHT

C.D.C.

"Not *one* sharp edge or splinter anywhere...."





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MOTOR & GENERAL ENGINEERS
RE-RUBBERING & VULCANIZING EXPERTS
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On Wednesday, June 19th, one of our cars, a 12 H.P. Austin saloon, driven by Mr..... of The ..... Oil Co. was involved in an accident as a result of which the car turned completely over and came to rest upside down.

The body of the car was totally wrecked; the windscreen and one side of the body being torn right off. In spite of this, part of the screen and two of the side windows were not cracked at all and the rest of the glass was merely fractured, all the pieces being held together.

There was not one splinter or sharp edge anywhere which might have caused injury, and it is largely owing to this fact that Mr..... and a friend who was with him at the time escaped without any injuries.

We are enclosing photographs of the wrecked car.

Yours faithfully,
For the Midland Motor Co.

Manager

Regd. Trade Mar

Fit "TripleX" Regd.

Make sure it's Triplex: look for the three X's in a circle: this Trade Mark is on all Genuine Triplex Glass.

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SECOND-HAND HIGH-CLASS MODERN ENGLISH AND CONTINENTAL.—FINE REPRODUCTIONS, GENUINE ANTIQUES, AND WORKS OF ART. Removed for convenience of Sale from numerous West End Mansions, Villa at Nice, and various sources, including many items from the following important Collections:—The PRINCESS PALEY (Paley Palace), LADY PINK (decd.), Mary Anna, DUCHESS of ABERCORN (decd.), third EARL of DURHAM, K.G. (decd.).

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THE DINING, RECEPTION ROOMS, LOUNGES, and LIBRARIES comprise a magnificent collection of Walnut, Mahogany, and Old Oak furniture in styles of Cromwellian, Queen Anne, Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and Adams, the small complete suites including sets of Chairs, Sideboard, Table, &c., offered for 10 guineas, the more elaborate sets ranging up to 300 guineas, many of these exquisite sets having cost over double the figure now asked to clear. Quantity of Cottage Wheelback Chairs at 5s.

SETTEES and LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS, in covered morocco leather, heavy woven art tapestries, rich silk and a large quantity covered plain art linen, all being of excellent quality and in most cases equal to new. SEVERAL SMALL LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS offered at 35s. each. Small-size LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS IN REAL HIDE 3gns. Larger size LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS from £4 17s. 6d. to 12gns. Well-made SOFTLY-SPRUNG CHESTERFIELD SETTEES 3gns. LARGE SIZE CHESTERFIELD AND OTHER SETTEES, many with loose down pillow seats and backs, from £7 15s. to 25gns.

A LARGE NUMBER OF PIANOFORTES by eminent makers, including fine tone Cramer in excellent condition 35gns. and Baby Grand 75gns.

OLD ENGLISH CHIMING GRANDFATHER and BRACKET CLOCKS. IMPORTANT COLLECTION of STATUARY, PICTURES, SILVER and SHEFFIELD PLATE; quantity of Fine Old Cut Glass. BED and TABLE LINENS. A LARGE QUANTITY OF OFFICE FURNITURE, including IRON SAFES, ROLL-TOP DESKS, PEDESTAL DESKS, BOOKCASES, &c., &c.

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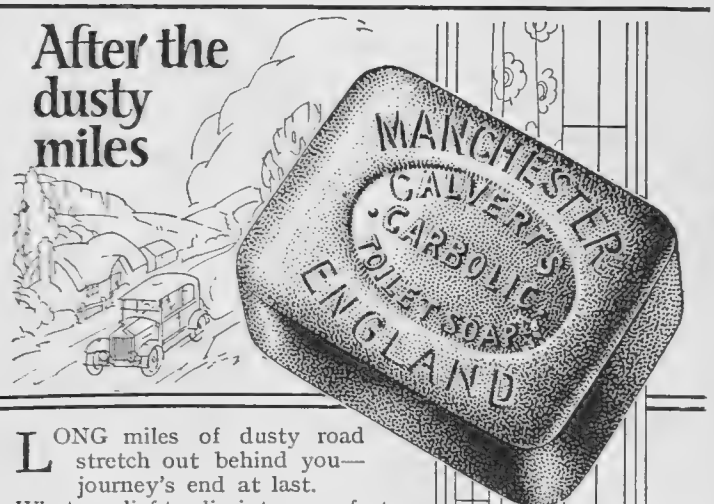
After the dusty miles



LONG miles of dusty road stretch out behind you—journey's end at last.

What a relief to slip into a comforting bath—to feel the grime and dirt of the dusty miles being gently dispelled under the benign influence of Calvert's Carbolic Toilet Soap.

Out of the bath you come—refreshed and invigorated—ready for any pleasure the evening has in store—your complexion, too, all the better for the gentle beauty treatment hidden in every tablet of

Calvert's CARBOLIC Toilet Soap

Sold by all chemists and stores **6d.** a tablet. Dainty Samples of Calvert's Toilet Soap, Tooth Powder and Shampoo Soap sent post free for 3d. in stamps.

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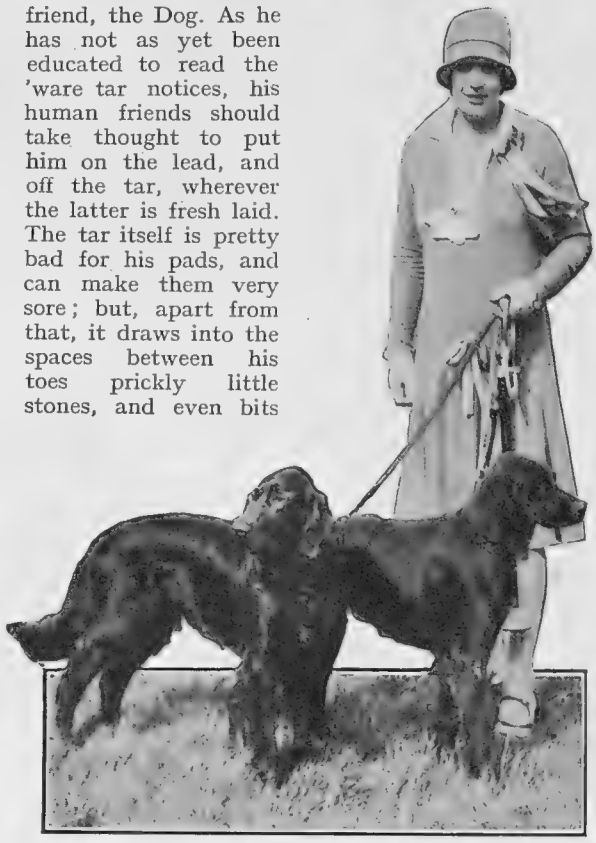
"DIES CANICULARES"

By "THE KENNELMAN"

WITH September of the Harvest (and of the beloved partridge) peeking round the corner, activity is marked in all Gun-Dog kennels, where this season's debutantes in particular are being closely watched and coached. Dog fanciers in general now begin to sit up and concentrate on selection, with a view to the coming of the most important Show in all the year: the Kennel Club's 68th annual, at the Crystal Palace. The benching and feeding for this classic event are, as usual, in the hands of the famous caterers for all doggy needs: Spillers; and already the big organisation with its need of miles of benching and tons of different foodstuffs, is well advanced.

THE end of the Dog Days always marks the beginning of special activity in the doggy world; not that there is any real connection, of course, the period being named, not after the First Friend, but the bright star, Sirius, which at this season illuminates the path of late revellers and unreasonably early risers. It is a little later, in early October, that the stars of our finest Dogs are in the ascendant—and on the decline, too, in the case of some veterans—by direction of the judges at the K.C. Show.

ONE hardship of these Dog Days which modern conditions make severe arises out of the tarry top-dressing of our highways; excellent for the rest of us, but slithery for the iron-shod horse, and at times extremely pernicious for our bare-foot friend, the Dog. As he has not as yet been educated to read the 'ware tar notices, his human friends should take thought to put him on the lead, and off the tar, wherever the latter is fresh laid. The tar itself is pretty bad for his pads, and can make them very sore; but, apart from that, it draws into the spaces between his toes prickly little stones, and even bits of glass, which often cause obstinate sores, and always are painful. After road exercise it's well to look to a Dog's feet. Turpentine, or petrol, or paraffin are the best agents for getting rid of tar; and the best protection you can give your Dog's feet is the kind of regular exercise on hard ground that will keep his pads tough.



British Illustrations

Mrs. Douglas Murray with her famous Irish setters, Colleen o' Murrell and Hilda of Boyne. Both dogs have distinguished themselves at many shows

QUITE well-bred children, like well-bred pups, can be devilishly cruel before they've had time to become quite civilised. Recently the writer saw a group of three, two girls and a boy (indifferently watched by a smartly uniformed nurse), baiting a six-months-old Sealyham pup by tossing him well out into the river, across a sledgy bank, on a miserably chilly day, when the foam-flecked water was no warmer than it often is in February. Fast as the poor little frightened chap could paddle back to the reeds they were thrusting him out into deeper water with a bamboo fishing rod. The writer's interference was clearly resented by the nurse, who ought to have known better, though the children took it in good part, and the pup was properly grateful.

A clean

is a Happy Dog

But he must be clean not only from dust and scurf, but also from all insects and parasitic skin affections.

Kur-Mange

will clean him & keep him clean

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Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers — 3/6, 7/- and 10/6. Red for dark hair, golden for fair or grey hair.

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The standard of perfect water filtration. A necessity in every home. A real safeguard against water impurities.

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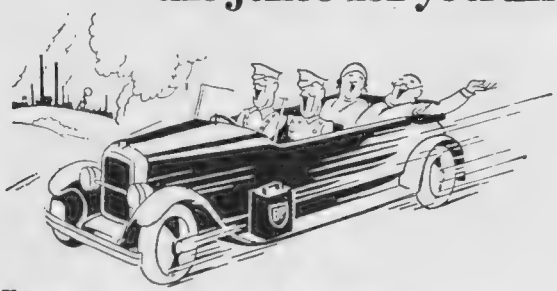
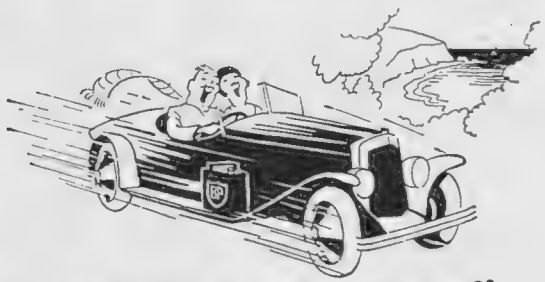
Sardinia House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

Hurrah! Hurrah!
We bring the new 'BP'

Hurrah! Hurrah!
the juice for you and me



Hearken to the chorus
from the Midlands to the sea:-



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Puts New Life in Your Car

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Dog Sense

"domestic life means special diet" "Life nowadays, with walks on the lead, *is* a bit trying at times. But the thing I really *do* grouse about is being fed on bits and scraps. Why not give me Melox, the feed that's specially mixed for me?"

There's Melox Concentrated Meal (the all-round diet) and Melox Marvels (the little health biscuits). And, for a change of diet, there is nothing to equ' Buffalo Bars

There are also bad imitations of Melox and Melox Marvels —be careful to avoid them

Melox and Melox Marvels are obtainable everywhere—write to us at once if you are unable to obtain supplies, and we will send you the name and address of your nearest supplier

W. G. Clarke & Sons (1929), Ltd., Thomas Street, London, E.14

MELOX
AND MELOX MARVELS

Give Melox Meal in the morning

and Melox Marvels at night

Stuarts

WITH the GROUSE: GOOD BAGS REPORTED

Sport and General

A good morning's bag captured by Mr. J. W. Astley's party on the Yorkshire moors, near Hawes, where, as elsewhere, the birds have been plentiful this year. In the group are Mr. J. W. Schmidt (left), Mr. J. W. Astley, Mr. John Blandon, Mr. F. Astley, Capt. H. Astley, and Mr. W. S. Smith

Ian Smith

Lord and Lady Elibank with part of the bag that fell to the guns of their party at a shoot which they held over the Peebles-shire Moors. Grouse have been particularly plentiful this year and if the pheasant shooting, which opens on September 2, proves as excellent 1929 should ensure a remarkably good year's sport being enjoyed by devotees of shooting

MAX BAKER'S WEEKLY NOTE

SHOOTING FOOTWEAR

THIS is a subject upon which nearly everybody has strongly held opinions, based on experience. The squire, in walking over his land, makes his daily choice according to weather or season. The going may equal that of a golf course or there may be farmyards or pastures ankle deep in slush. Some legislate for the worst, others back their luck to find a clean gangway. In general, the bias is towards ease and free ankle movement. Nine times out of ten this attitude is a success. On the odd occasion the man proudly wearing some speciality in waders enjoys his day of triumph. Most mature sportsmen keep rather an imposing battery of boots and shoes which they have amassed in processes of selection. The fault of shoes worn at intervals is that they are bone-dry and, like a boat in the same condition, not as wet-proof nor as supple as when in regular use. They may be soaked with grease in various stages of coagulation; but moderate greasing, assisted by moisture due to recent use, yields the best combination of wet-proofness, pliability, lightness and warmth of texture. As to material for soles, my own experience favours rubber as gripping the greatest variety of surfaces and best assisting nimbleness. But there will be many who disagree. Some can abide nails in the sole, others are crippled by their presence.

BY JACK GREENALL

YE GODDESSES AND LITTLE FISHES

PLAYER'S *MEDIUM* NAVY CUT CIGARETTES PLAIN OR TIPPED WITH CORK OF PURE NATURAL GROWTH

SIDE DOOR KEYS

Oliver Wendell Holmes believed the heart of every man possessed a front door, open to the world, by which the sentiments of every-day freely enter. But he wrote also of a secret way to the heart, an old side door overgrown and fast locked, where longings and desires are reached by one of three keys—old wine, sweet music, or tobacco.

Today millions of smokers find Player's Medium Navy Cut Cigarettes one of the most famous side-door keys the World has ever known.

Player's always Please

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

ISSUED BY THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY (OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND), LIMITED.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT REGISTERED TRADE MARK

N.C.C. 687.

Fashions Fancies

LEATHER SUITS WHICH LOOK LIKE SOFTEST TWEED

"Leather Craft" suits which are as supple as lightweight cloths, and svelte suède dresses which are inevitably mistaken for crêpe de Chine, may be found, in plain and printed designs, at 42, Berkeley Street. The seated figure here is wearing an admirably tailored coat of brown Gazelda suède, with a link fastening, the wrap skirt being of blurred tweed, while the second suit and the matching hat are made entirely of very finely checked grey suède

THE NEWEST HATS ARE NONCHALANT AND SOPHISTICATED

Subtle Accessories and Barbaric Jewellery

As interesting as the mode itself are the accessories which accent its sophistication, and afford endless variety to even a limited wardrobe. The matching vogue is as pronounced as ever, but it has become very subtle. A quite perfect hat, bag, and shoe set was carried out in black antelope and panne. A swathed panne brim softened the antelope toque, the folds caught back by a steel and diamond brooch; the bag had a geometrical inset of the velvet, and a similar ornament; and the shoes were absolutely plain. Spotted panne, the medium-sized dots well raised, made an amusing cap, which was finished with a large bow on the nape of the neck. Barbaric earrings completed the scheme, but it is one that is only suited to those who are slender and very elegant. Ebony and carved crystal balls make interesting necklaces, and old African ivory beads alternated with clusters of seed pearls are decidedly attractive.

Velvet, Tweed, and Felt Hats

Hats for the Autumn may roughly be divided into three classes. Those which have an air of statuesque mystery; those which create an impression of youthful and ingenuous surprise; and those which depend upon gracious lines and simplicity for their effect. The advance guard of the new millinery styles may be studied at leisure at Woodrow's, 46, Piccadilly. Sketched on this page are three small hats, each of which is distinctive. The one at the top is of fawn felt, with inset medallions of red felt outlined with black. The price is 39s. 6d. In the centre is a black felt model with a novel brim of checked tweed, deep pleats emphasising the droop at the right side. This costs 2 gns. Tweed plait is used for the little pull-on affair, which is available for one guinea, moufflon straw underlining the brim and forming the loosely knotted band. An illustrated catalogue will gladly be sent gratis and post free on request.

Felt, alone and allied with tweed, is used for two of these attractive hats from Woodrow, while the third is of tweed plait and moufflon straw

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

Schoolgirls Acquire "Dress Sense"

It is of the utmost importance that clothes for the schoolgirl should be chosen with care and foresight, for they have a strong influence upon their wearers. In the Juvenile Department at Woolland Bros., of Knightsbridge, there are delightful garments for all occasions. The big girl in the sketch at the foot of this page is wearing a well-tailored tweed coat which may be obtained for 7 gns. in a brown, green, or blue mixture, with a soft fur collar to tone. The party frock is of peach-coloured georgette. The skirt is composed of three scalloped frills, and there is a soft jabot. The price is 6½ gns. Next to it is a blue crêpe Chinella day dress for 75s., the skirt pleated across the front to allow unrestricted movement. Lastly, the tiny maiden is wearing a particularly smart blue and grey bird's-eye tweed coat which has a blue velvet collar and cuffs, and trimmings of blue and red braid. The matching hat is beautifully made.

These children have been dressed by Woolland's, where the requirements of schoolgirls are carefully studied and delightful clothes for every occasion may always be found

Formal Clothes and Complexions

It is at this time of the year that the skin requires extra attention, either because one is living an outdoor life, probably by the sea, and there is in consequence the possibility of sunburn; or because one has returned again to Town, and it is necessary to make it smooth and white once more, for it is a fact that formal clothes and holiday complexions do not go well together! In all circumstances Pond's Creams will ensure the health and delicacy of the skin, the Cold Cream, which should be applied generously at night and always after exposure, cleansing and soothing it, while the Vanishing Cream, which forms an ideal base for powder, protects it and keeps it exquisitely fine. Then there is Pond's new Skin Freshener, a mild astringent, which braces the skin when it is tired and makes the surface firm after the Cold Cream cleansing. And lastly, Pond's Cleansing Tisues, soft as silk and wonderfully absorbent. They are a great boon, inasmuch as they save laundry bills, each tissue being thrown away as soon as it is used.

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Shoulder straps and lingerie ribbons can never be neglected, even when one is enjoying a holiday. Yet their renewal presents something of a problem, for one never seems to have any time to spare. Cash's lingerie ribbons provide the solution. They are specially woven to stand the strain of vigorous exercise, and they are obtainable in satin, silky brocades, and plain cotton, all in beautiful fast colours.

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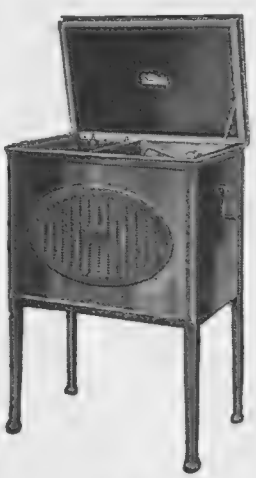

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THE GOURMET : : Conducted by EMILIA

Fillets of Sole with Wine Sauce

Cut the fillets into even sizes, and put them in a buttered sauté-pan, season with salt and pepper, moisten with a wineglassful of white wine and a dessertspoonful of Worcester sauce, a little mace, and a small onion cut in half. Cover with buttered paper, and cook in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes. In the meantime prepare a white roux, with 1 oz. of butter and ¾ oz. of flour, moisten with the liquor from the fillets and some boiled milk, stir until it boils, and let simmer for fifteen minutes. Cut six small mushrooms in slices, cook them in a little butter, and having previously strained the sauce stir in the mushrooms and allow it to get hot through. Dish up the fish, pour over the sauce and serve.

Veal Terrapin

Fry together in a stewpan one tablespoonful of butter and the same of flour; add one cupful of cream and stir until smooth and thick; this will give a smooth sauce of a pale coffee colour. Add the veal cut into dice, and a good seasoning of salt and white pepper, and simmer for ten minutes. Then add three hard-boiled eggs coarsely chopped, half a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and cook five minutes longer; add two tablespoonfuls of sherry, and take from the fire. Serve with a garnish of hard-boiled eggs cut in quarters.

Menu du Dîner

Iced Melon or
Hors d'œuvres.

Clear Consommé.

Fillets of Sole with Wine Sauce.

Veal Terrapin or
Curried Sweetbreads.

Roast Grouse
with Orange Salad.

Strawberry Soufflé.

Devilled Prawns.

Coffee.

Curried Sweetbreads

Melt 2 ozs. of butter in a stewpan, add one onion finely sliced, 1 oz. of flour and a tablespoonful of curry powder. Fry well together. Add three-quarters of a pint of white stock or milk, by degrees, keeping it well stirred. When the sauce is smooth, add a dessertspoonful of desiccated coconut and one tablespoonful of vinegar. Cut the sweetbread into pieces two inches square and cook it in the curry sauce thirty-five minutes. Serve with boiled rice.

Orange Salad

Remove all the skin and pith from two or three oranges, separate into their natural divisions, and season with salad oil, and a teaspoonful each of castor sugar, chervil and finely chopped tarragon. At the last add a good tablespoonful of brandy.

Strawberry Soufflé

Put one and a half gills of milk and half a gill of cream into a stewpan, let it come to the boil, and add 2 ozs. of butter and 2 ozs. of sugar; whilst boiling stir in 1 oz. flour and ½ oz. of ground rice, which have been previously mixed. Stir until thick. Let cool, and add by degrees the yolks of three eggs. Add ½ lb. of strawberry jam, colour with a few drops of cochineal; whisk the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, adding a pinch of salt before beginning to whisk, and stir gently into the mixture. Pour into a well-buttered soufflé tin, bake for half an hour, turn out, and serve with strawberry syrup.

Devilled Prawns

Cut about a dozen prawns into small pieces, sprinkle with cayenne, and then add a dessertspoonful of chutney, a little melted butter, and one tomato cut up small. Stew these over the fire, stir till boiling, and add a little made mustard. Have ready small squares of fried bread, put some of the devilled prawns on each, and sprinkle over a little finely chopped parsley.

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BURGESS' RECIPE

Melt up enough butter for the number of pieces of toast required, in a soup plate, and keep it hot over a basin of boiling water. Prepare the toast and at once soak it in the melted butter. Then sprinkle over the toast about one teaspoonful of BURGESS' ESSENCE OF ANCHOVIES and smooth it over the toast with a fork.

Serve at once while hot.

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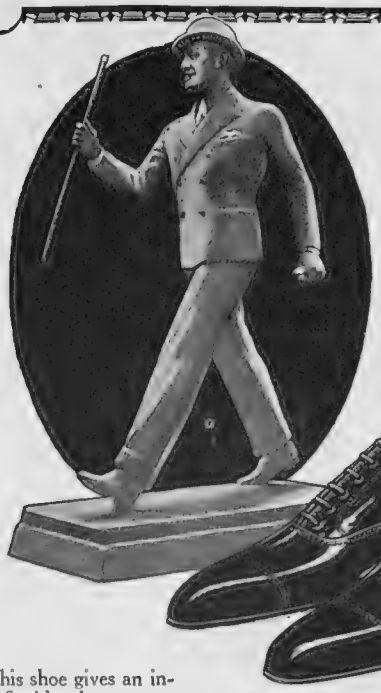

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As the result of arrangements made between the Edison Swan Electric Company, Ltd., and the British Thomson-Houston Company, Ltd., the wiring supplies, lighting, engineering, electric refrigeration, and radio business of the British Thomson-Houston Company, Ltd., have recently been taken over by the Edison Swan Electric Company, Ltd., who will now market the British Thomson-Houston Company's products in these lines. Mazda radio valves are also marketed by the Edison Swan Electric Company, Ltd., for the British Thomson-Houston Company, Ltd., but Mazda lamps are not included in this arrangement, but continue to be marketed by the Lamp Sales Department of the British Thomson-Houston Company, Ltd. The businesses above mentioned are being carried on *pro tem.* at the Edison Swan Electric Company, Ltd., 123-5, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.

At Harrogate

Royalty is now drinking the waters and taking the cure at Harrogate. Princess Victoria is there, and in addition to the cure is having the diathermy treatment, which has become so well known in connection with the King. This treatment, by the way, is not the novelty which a portion of the Press seems to think—it has been in general use at Harrogate for over twenty years. The Duke of Wellington—erect and soldierly and very smart in his favourite pale grey, in spite of his great age—is also taking the cure just now. He comes every August without fail, and is a living testimony to the "rejuvenation process" in use in Harrogate.

A nursery fitted up by Gaze's at the Gazeway, Kingston-on-Thames. Features of the room are a special blue dado for chalking on, wrought iron window guards, a large doll's house and a natural colour cork carpet with washable rugs

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The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, the famous traveller, who recently set up a new record in her cross-Channel dash, with the Revelation suitcase she uses on her travels. The Revelation is an ideal suitcase for all motorists

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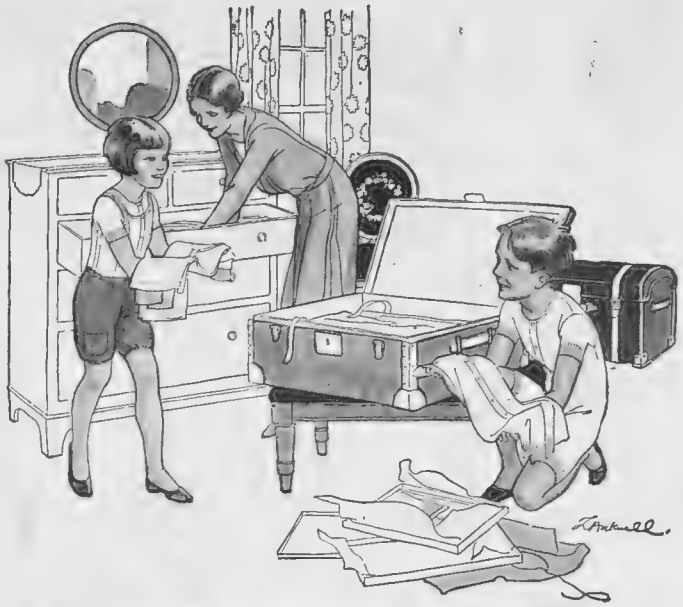

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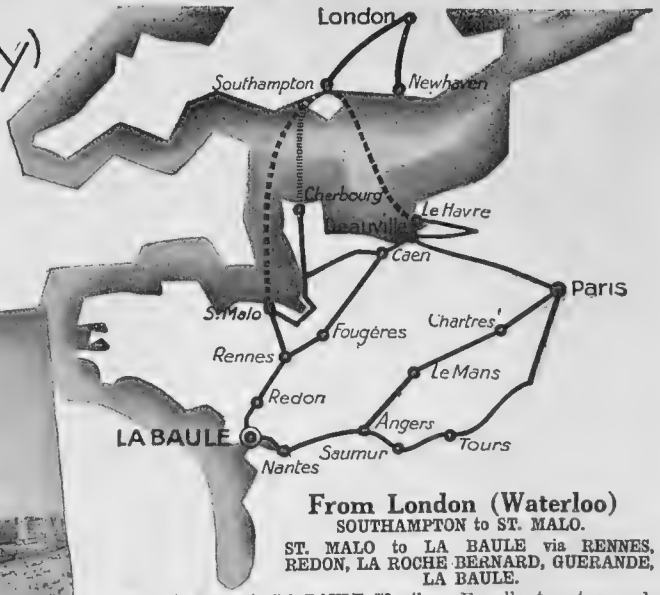

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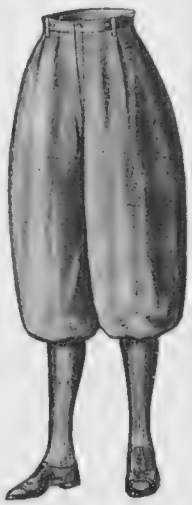

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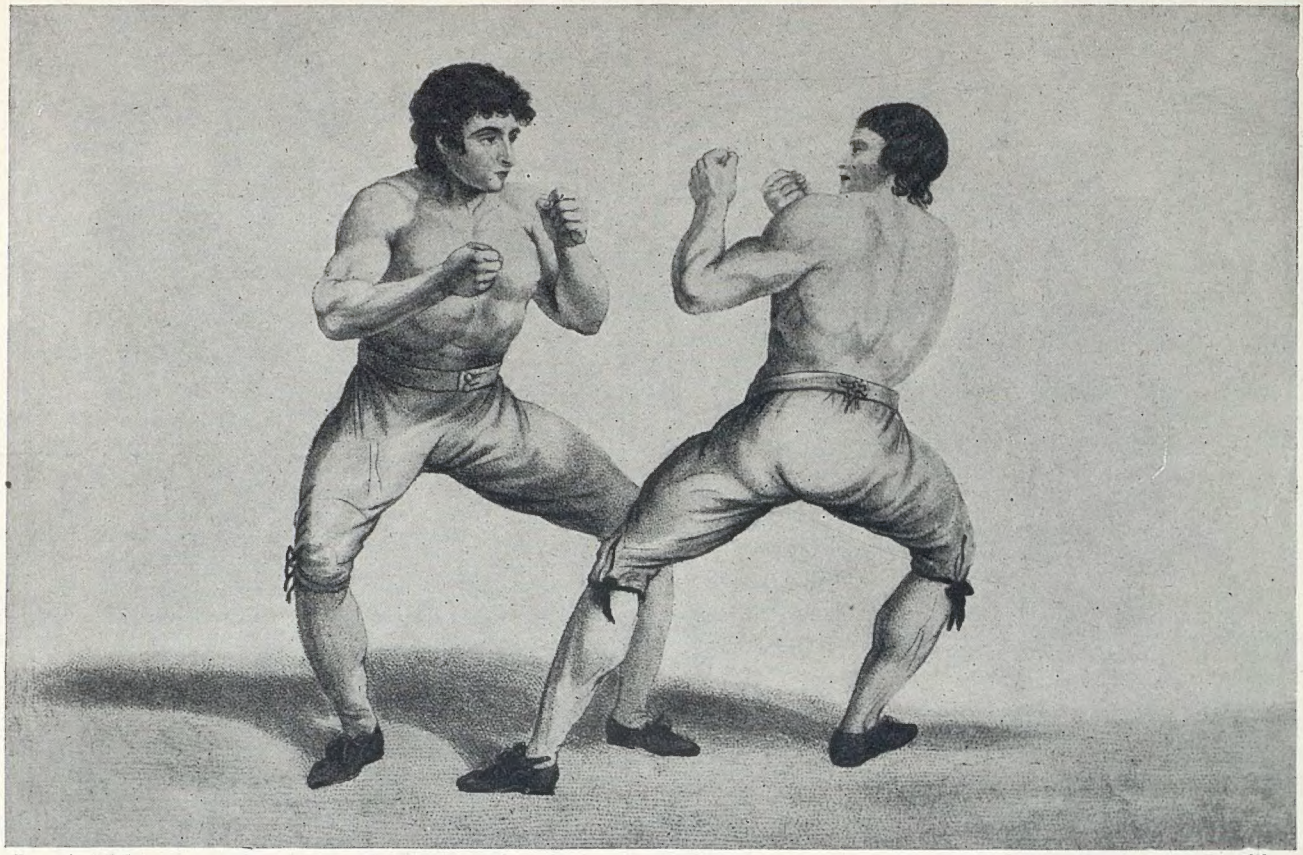

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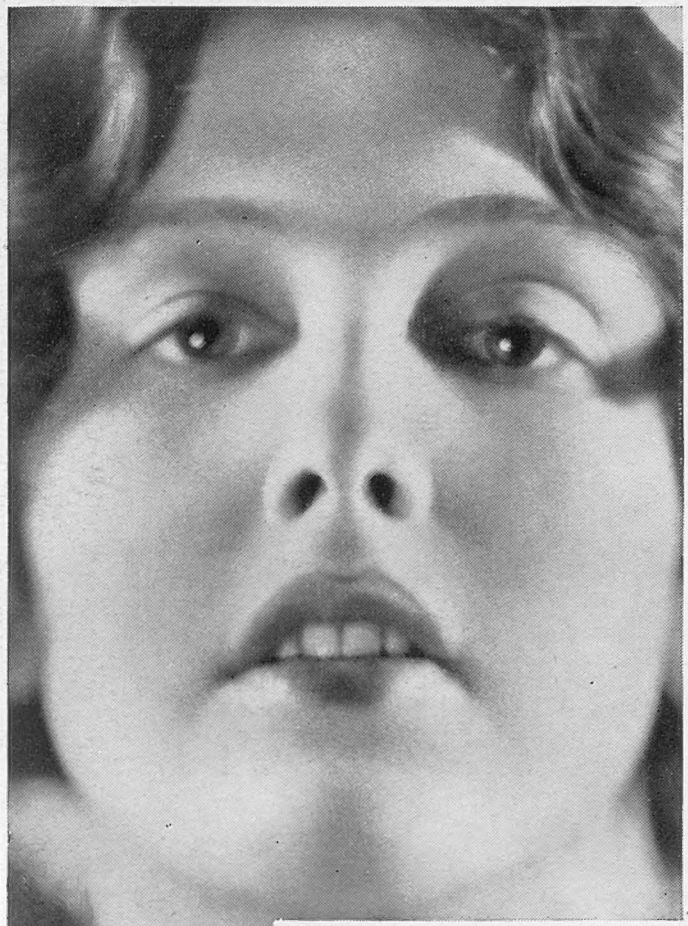

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